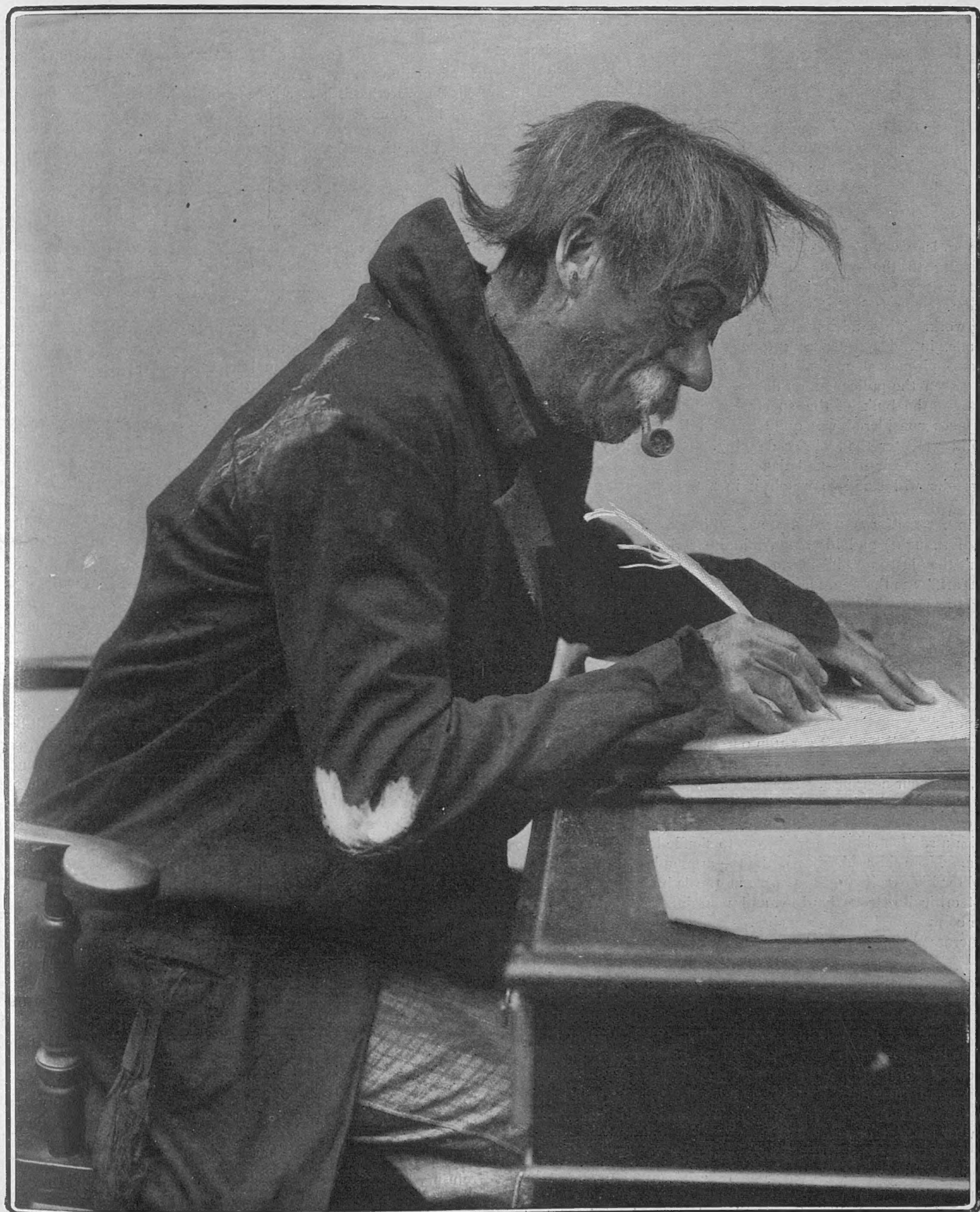


The Sketch

No. 681.—Vol. LIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1906.

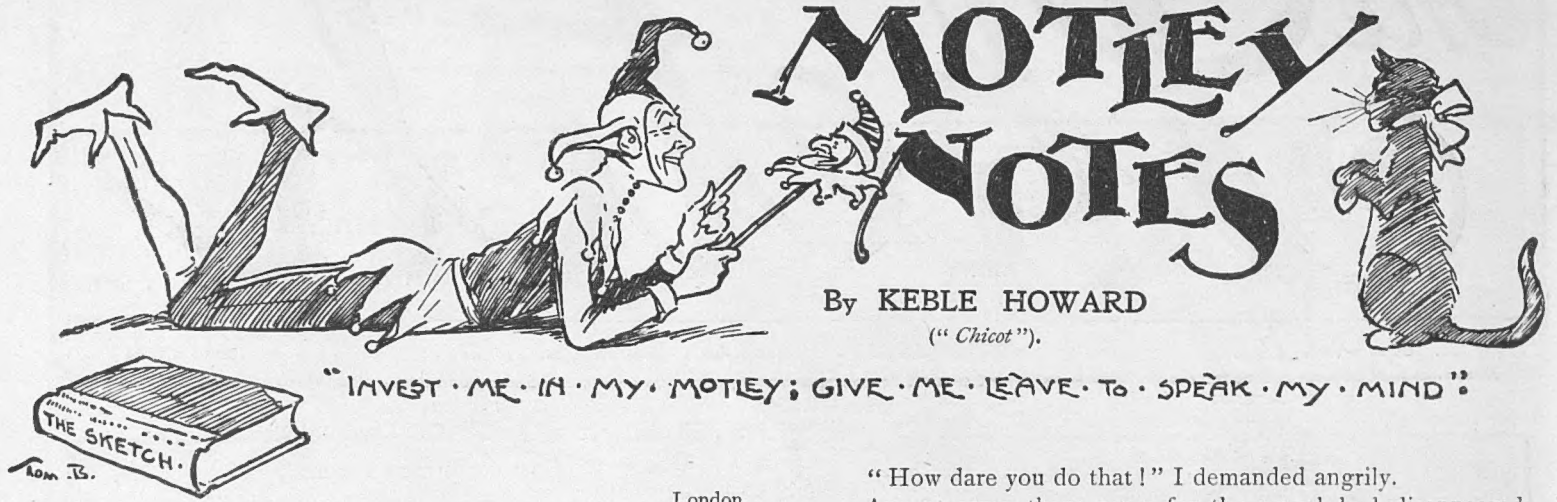
SIXPENCE.



Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

"SINCE WHEN I HAVE USED NO OTHER": MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS TUTT IN "THE PARTIK'LER PET,"
AT THE WALDORF.

(With apologies to Messrs. Pears.)



London.

ARE we a dull people? The dullards say so. But then the dullards—which possibly accounts for their dullness—are the merest egotists. Let me tell them, at any rate, of a typical proceeding that I witnessed in London scarcely an hour from the time of writing. The scene was a narrow thoroughfare off Oxford Street, ill-lit, muddy, chilly with the sweep of a cruel wind. But a barrel-organ was tumpety-tumpety-tumming out a merry tune—something between an American rag-time and a music-hall version of a Scotch ballad. In the centre of the roadway there were two little girls, each about twelve or thirteen years of age. They were dancing to the organ, these children, and they danced so well that a large crowd, braving the bitter cold, had collected to watch them. Success fired the dancers, and they put their little hearts into the work. They advanced, retreated, twirled their feet, shook their heads, introduced cunning touches with their heels, tripped, kicked, and pirouetted, and all with a perfect sense of grace and rhythm. Even the policeman on duty was moved to a condescending nod. As for the bulk of the spectators, their enthusiasm, all the circumstances considered, was quite wonderful. The true Londoner loves nothing better than clever dancing. If he cannot get it in the theatre or music-hall—and dancing has been sadly neglected of late years—he will stand to watch it in a freezing wind.

Just in front of me were a stout, middle-aged man (a retired fruiterer, I thought) and his stout, middle-aged wife.

"Can't they just move!" murmured the lady.

"Not 'arf," was the approving answer.

"Light as a fever!"

"Ah, give you an' me a pound or two."

The lady laughed—the laugh of one who has looked life in the face and frightened it. "Speak fer yerself," she hinted.

"Was you ever as light as that, then?"

"Course I was, silly, when I was a kiddy. An' I could dance, what's more."

"Could yer? Why don't yer step out an' show the folks a bit o' yer quality?"

"Oh, stop your nonsense. It's time we was getting along."

"No 'urry. Let's give the nippers a copper."

The organ changed the tune a moment later, and the fruiterer, seized with a sudden skittishness, began to shuffle his feet in time to the music. More, he took his wife by the arm and tried to persuade her to follow his excellent example. But the lady had her eye on a couple of critical matrons hard by, and restrained the inclination to show the company a bit of her quality.

They crossed the street and went into the hostelry at the corner.

An article in a daily paper entitled "The Renaissance of the Dandy" reminds me of an alarming adventure that befell me in a barber's shop about three weeks ago. It was called an "Electric Vibro-Massage," and the only serious damage, I am thankful to say, was half-a-crown. It was curiosity that led me into the thing. I saw people going behind a screen, I heard a savage whirr of machinery, and, naturally enough, I wanted to know what it all meant. In something less than a minute I was behind the screen myself, with my feet on a level with my head and my eyes wide with apprehension. Just as I was about to warn the barber that my heart had not been sounded for three years, during which period it had undergone several extremely violent shocks, some coward came up behind me with a wet, boiling-hot towel, and wrapped my head in it. Actually, I daresay, he would have been glad to smother me, but fear of the consequences persuaded him to leave a small aperture for my nose. I could not, of course, speak. The only possible method of protesting was to kick, and kick I did. Off came the towel with a whisk.

"How dare you do that!" I demanded angrily.

Answer came there none, for the rascal had disappeared. I lay back again, wondering when they would turn on the electricity, and wishing very hard that I was safe in bed. All of a sudden—Womp! He had done it again.

Three times the miscreant attacked me in this shameless manner, and then, wearying of the fun, he had recourse to an even more diabolical device. He poured something out of a bottle into his hand, and before I could utter a word of protest, smeared the beastly stuff all over my face. At least, it may not have been beastly stuff, but I have objected, since earliest youth, to having my face washed by other people. Here again, though, I was compelled to be dumb. The preparation had a kind of smell that warned me not to taste it. Have you ever tasted scented soap? I have. I tasted it, quite involuntarily, at school. I was nearly asleep one night when a great friend of mine stood by the bedside and said, "Would you like a bite of apple, old man?" I did not bother to open my eyes. I just opened my mouth very wide and bit as hard as I could. That was the only time that I ever tasted a piece of scented soap, but the memory of that bite still lingers.

Still, this is not getting along with the massage story. When the ruffian, then, had given me as much of the ointment stuff as he thought I was likely to stand, he dried his hands, touched a spring, and I was conscious of the whirring noise that had been the original cause of all the trouble. Presently I perceived that he was coming at me with a weapon that resembled, as nearly as I can describe it, an indiarubber egg-cup.

"Take it away!" I screamed.

The rascal laughed. "Eet ees awright," he said soothingly.

"Will it give me an electric shock?"

"Oh, no. Not at all. Most pleasant. Eet will take away yore 'eadache."

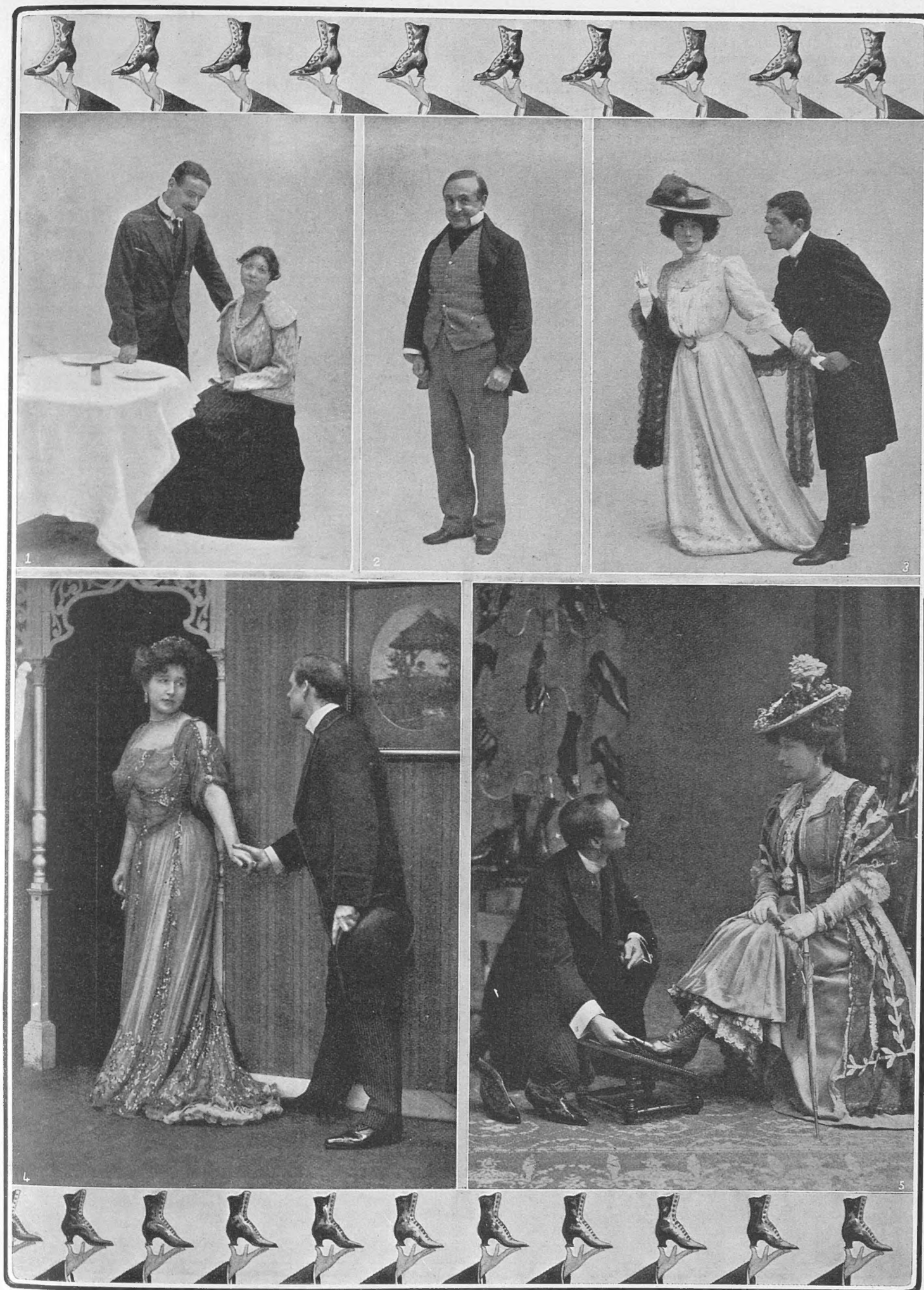
"What do you mean? I haven't got a headache."

For answer he clapped the egg-cup on to my cheek—I believe it was accomplishing something like a thousand revolutions a second—and began moving it here, there, everywhere. I soon understood the game. That malevolent little egg-cup wanted to skin me alive, but I refused to allow anything of the sort. Its place was taken now by a smaller companion, who attacked such pregnable parts as the eyelids. The second battle, too, I won. Last of all came a fellow of a different shape—a four-footed, determined-looking warrior, who went for my head. That was the end. I had come through alive. I don't know, however, that I am anxious to fight again.

It is suggested, I see, that Miss Roosevelt will set a new fashion in honeymoons. Miss Roosevelt's honeymoon is to last two years, and will be spent in every part of the world. The idea is a good one, and will, I am sure, commend itself to thousands of young couples in need of change. One feels impelled to make the usual remark, "How curious that nobody ever thought of that before!" It seems such an obvious thing to pack up and go away for two years. Indeed, if it comes to that, why return at all? Why not go to Cook's, invest all your savings in a Honeymoon Annuity ticket, and simply travel about for the rest of your life? The notion grows on me. I like to think of these peripatetic lovers, honeymooning up and down the world from year's end to year's end, and absolutely refusing to go home. It is ridiculous for people to waste their lives in shops and offices when they might be so much healthier and happier in following the excellent example set them by Miss Roosevelt. Why, some people have actually been known to forego a wedding-trip altogether! Sheer ingratitude, I call it, while hotels are so luxurious, trains so comfortable, steam-boats so safe, and the fair havens of the world so inviting.

TRIED BY A JURY OF SHOP-GIRLS:

"THE HEROIC STUBBS," AT TERRY'S.



1. MR. GEORGE F. TULLY AS HARVEY DIX,
AND MISS ETHEL HOLLINGSHEAD
AS AGATHA.

DIX: We poor sufferers from nerves—

2. MR. E. DAGNALL AS HOBDAY.

HOBDAY: Bless you, Sir, we 'aven't 'ad a
murder or a stabbin' case for years
past, an' then it was five miles away.

4. MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON AS LADY HERMIONE CANDLISH, AND
MR. JAMES WELCH AS ROLAND STUBBS.

STUBBS: I won't give you away, whatever happens.

3. MISS IRENE ROOKE AS MRS. TREVISS, AND
MR. EILLE NORWOOD AS WILLIE DELLOW.

DELOW: I will bet you £500 that you come down to Yavercliff
to-night. If I lose, I'll post you the cheque to-morrow.

5. MR. JAMES WELCH AS ROLAND STUBBS, AND MISS GERTRUDE
KINGSTON AS LADY HERMIONE CANDLISH.

STUBBS: Byron, my lady.

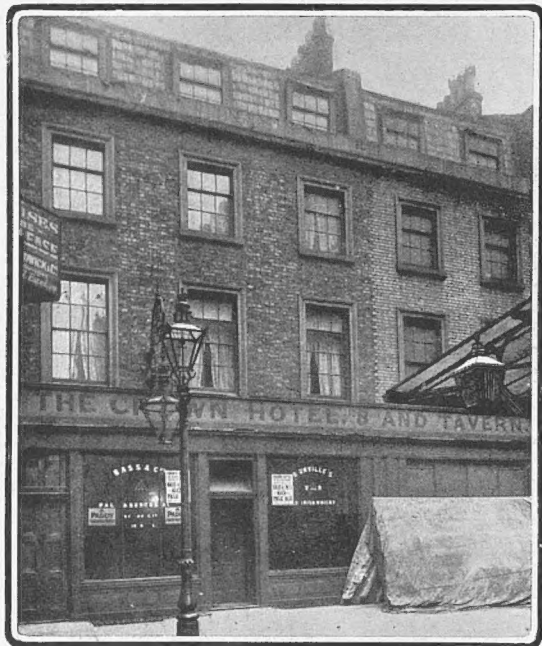
Photographs by Bassano. (See Illustration in "The Stage from the Stalls.")

THE CLUBMAN.

The Etiquette of Royal Engagements—Miramar—A King's Bathing-Machine—The Decadence of the Honeymoon—The "Eton Slouch."

THE etiquette of Courts causes comic-opera situations now and again. Officially, nothing is known concerning the engagement of the King of Spain and the Princess Ena, and nothing will be known until the 20th inst.; yet when our County Councillors visited the Sèvres manufactories, they found all the workmen very busy, for a large order had been received for especially beautiful pieces of china which are to form wedding-presents for the King of Spain. I received an invitation a week ago to be present at the regatta at San Sebastian in July, and particular emphasis was laid on the fact that the King would then be spending his honeymoon at the Miramar Villa, and that therefore the gathering of yachts and the fêtes would be particularly interesting.

Whether the Spaniards know more than we in England do concerning coming events in the very pretty love-story of the King and the Princess I do not pretend to say, but Miramar would be an ideal house for a bride come from Britain to live in for a honeymoon. The villa was built from designs drawn out by a British architect, and looks like those Gothic villas which our grandfathers used to build before the Elizabethan style came into favour again. On the beach of San Sebastian the King has a bathing-machine on an exceedingly elaborate scale. It is a miniature house, and it slides down to the water's edge on rails, and is pulled up again when the King has had his bath.



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM'S PUBLIC HOUSE, THE CROWN, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

The Crown public house stands between Sir Charles Wyndham's two theatres, Wyndham's and the New, and it was acquired by the popular actor at the same time as the land on which the New Theatre was built. It has associations with Charles Dickens, and the first Australian cricket team to visit this country stayed there. Request was recently made for the renewal of the license, and the Strand Licensing Justices informed the actor-manager's representative that Sir Charles must make the application in person, as the Bench proposed to oppose the renewal on the grounds that the house was not necessary.

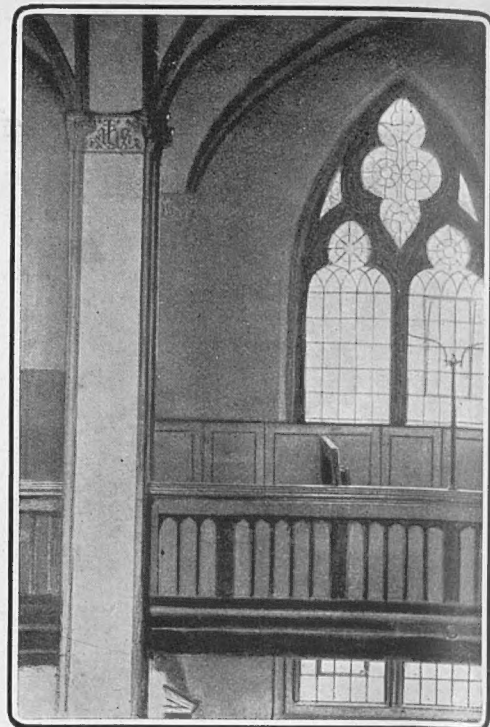
Miramar during the dog-days or not, I think regatta is a sight which one should see once in a lifetime, and consequently I have accepted the invitation. My Spanish friends tell me that the marriage contract is to be signed by King Edward at Madrid in March, that the marriage is to take place in June, and that the youthful King and Queen will spend their honeymoon at the northern bathing-place.

Is the old-fashioned honeymoon what the Americans would term a "back number," and are our brides and bridegrooms going to follow the example of Miss Alice Roosevelt, and scamper round the world on a top-speed marriage tour? Or will there be a reversion to the old style of a month of quiet, during which a young couple learn to know each other's tastes and thoughts and beliefs thoroughly? We live at such electric pace nowadays that we seem to be trying to do without any of the restful times of life. We are always seeking to find something to replace the natural methods of keeping healthy in mind and body. A busy man is massaged for half-an-hour instead of taking two hours' healthy exercise. Before long someone will discover a substitute for sleep. Drugs take the place of food, Sunday is no longer a day of rest, and now it seems as though the quiet honeymoon is to give place to a wild rush in motor-cars and express trains over half the world. Soon people will hardly have time to get married.

The "Eton slouch" is distressing many motherly minds, and many reasons are given for the lack of smartness in carriage which the boys of the big school affect. The Eton collar and the pockets of the Eton unmentionables are held to be the prime causes of the attitude of dejection which the small Eton boy generally assumes. I doubt very much whether it is anything more than the fashion of the moment. If the Eton collar throws a boy's head forward—which I do not for a moment suppose it really does—a reversion to the old Gladstonian collar and the Beau Brummel "choker" would be the simplest way of making the Eton boy hold his chin up.

I was at Harrow, as a boy, when Dr. Butler gave forth an edict that, as it was slouchy for boys to go about with their hands in their pockets, the pockets were to be sewn up, and sewn up they duly were. I do not think that our carriage was more noble because our hands were permanently cold, and I remember that the edict soon came to be generally disregarded. One effect it did have, and that was to give the small Etonian a splendid subject about which to chaff his Harrovian friends, and I recall that at Lord's that year at the conclusion of the cricket match the really cutting speech for a little Light Blue boy to make to a little Dark Blue boy was, "Take your hands out of your pockets." Unless memory plays me false, I broke an Eton hat with an Harrovian umbrella for being thus addressed.

The real cure for the Eton, or any other schoolboy slouch is to make it unfashionable. If the autocrats of "Pop" assert it to be the "right thing" for an Eton boy to carry himself upright and to keep his chin up, instead of shuffling along as though he contemplated suicide, no drill sergeants or back-boards will be required. A schoolboy is an athlete, and if he walks as though his muscles were all slack it is only because he takes some trouble to do so.



PEWS THAT CARRY A VOTE, IN THE NORTH GALLERY OF CHERTSEY PARISH CHURCH.

Our photograph shows one of two private pews, the ownership of which, on being registered, carries with it the rights of a vote for the division. The pews are now on sale at fifty guineas each, application to be made to Messrs. Waterer and Sons, auctioneers, Chertsey, Surrey. Many years ago the churchwardens of the parish, sorely in need of money for the restoration of the church, accepted the suggestion that they should dispose of the gallery pews to the highest bidder. A special Act of Parliament was passed to enable them to do this, and to give the holders of the pews for the time being the privilege of a Parliamentary vote.



THE INN TAKEN BY THE CLERGYMAN WHO HAS TURNED PUBLICAN: THE FISH AND EELS, HODDESDON.

The Rev. S. W. Thackeray, who is of the opinion that fishing is one of the best Sunday recreations, has obtained the license of the Fish and Eels, and is determined to make it a week-end resort for anglers. Mr. Thackeray, who is chaplain to the Peckham workhouse, hopes to make money out of the venture, and with that money will further his invention of the Uniclef system of music, which comprises a new keyboard and a new notation. He will attend his public house on every day but Sundays, and he will seek to induce his visitors to attend church before they set out for boating and fishing.—[Photograph by Park.]

THE REVIVAL OF "BROTHER OFFICERS," AT THE GARRICK.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS JOHN HINDS, V.C.

FROM A SPECIAL DRAWING BY MRS. LEE HANKEY.

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 MISS IRENE VANBRUGH. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.

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Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL have great pleasure in announcing that
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 with much humour and sympathy, the lives of a typical married couple from the day when
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Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits.
 Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
 Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist,
 and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand
 words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
 and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general
 articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether
 (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been
 sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
 With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No
 published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made
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 carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print
 must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and
 Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes,
 buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used.
 Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints
 of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
 the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected
 contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not
 accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
 destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings,
 paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely
 to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject,
 the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does
 an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch,"
 nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
 PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



THE death of the King of Denmark may create yet another Royal and Imperial centre in the United Kingdom. It is said that the Dowager-Empress of Russia will henceforth spend a portion of each year in England, and further, that Her Imperial Majesty is looking out for an estate in the vicinity of London. There are many beautiful places within an easy motor-drive of Windsor, and perhaps

one of those great country houses on the river which are generally let each summer will now find a purchaser. The Empress Alexander, as she prefers to be called, following in this matter the precedent set by the Empress Frederick, has hitherto spent three to four months of each year in Denmark. She is, however, devoted to her eldest sister, our Queen, and it is said that she would prefer to spend her holidays in this country rather than in France or Germany.

A Royal Sea Lord. Prince Louis of Battenberg, who is likely to become Second Sea Lord of the Admiralty, as well as uncle of the new Queen of Spain this summer, is one of the most capable and energetic of British naval officers. He probably owes both his profession and his British naturalisation to the fact that he was born, in 1854, on Queen Victoria's birthday.

Prince Louis is the eldest son of Prince Alexander of Hesse and of the lovely Julia Hauke, and at the time of their first child's birth the couple were in the deepest disgrace, for their marriage had taken place in spite of the strong opposition, not only of the bridegroom's family but of the bride's Sovereign, the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. Queen Victoria, as always, sympathised with the semi-Royal romance; and the late Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, became attached to the young Battenbergs. In due course, Prince Louis entered the British Navy, became a popular figure in English society, and, at the age of thirty, to the surprise and indignation of the Prussian Court, became the husband of Princess Victoria of Hesse, the eldest of the charming group of Royal sisters of whom one is now Empress of Russia.

Our Sovereign's Youngest Sister.

It is not too much to say that during the last three weeks the eyes of Europe have been fixed on our Sovereign's youngest sister and her only daughter. Princess Henry of Battenberg, the most retiring and gentle of Royal matrons, now finds herself in the position of prospective mother-in-law to the youngest of monarchs. Her Royal Highness is best known in her own little kingdom—that is, in the Isle of Wight. There she spent much of her happy married life, and there she has elected to spend her quiet and dignified widowhood. The marriage of an only daughter generally modifies the life of any mother, whether her home be palace or cottage. Princess Henry will probably henceforth make Spain her home for part of each year; on the other hand, Queen Victoria of Spain—how strange it sounds!—is sure to pay frequent visits to "the Governor of the Wight."



A HUNGARIAN WHO IS SAID TO HAVE LOST £11,500 AT CARDS IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS: COUNT NICHOLAS BANFFY.

It is said that Count Nicholas Banffy recently lost £11,500 at cards, after a series of games, extending over forty-eight consecutive hours, with Gerhart Azbeg, an Armenian. The winner, it is reported, will receive £4,000 in cash, a freehold estate valued at £2,000, and a life annuity of £500.

A Farmer as the Kaiser's Guest.

By the express invitation of the Emperor, an American farmer, one Stephen Hesse, of Kansas, has just arrived in Berlin to be present as a guest at the Silver Wedding of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin, all his expenses being paid. This Stephen Hesse was formerly a sergeant in the regiment commanded by the Kaiser when he was Crown Prince. One day, when the Prince was riding, his horse took fright and bolted, and Sergeant Hesse, at the risk of his life, succeeded in stopping it. The Kaiser has never forgotten this brave deed, and when he was married, invited Hesse to the wedding as his personal guest. And now that his Silver Wedding is being celebrated, the Kaiser feels that the ceremonies would be incomplete if the sergeant were not present on the occasion.

The L.C.C. in Paris. Our noble ædiles of the County Council had a hot time in Paris, there is no mistake, though the thermometer was mostly away below freezing point. Three communal schools, two or three municipal workshops, the Gobelins and two or three other things before breakfast (French style); a flower farm, a picture gallery, a pottery, and two diplomatic receptions before dinner; and a gala performance at the Opera, followed by a private show at one of the newspaper offices make a fairly busy day of it. They do hustle in the pleasure line in Paris. It was awfully kind of them, and *ils sont nos bons amis*; but, really, they killed with hospitality. If the programme had been cut down to one half, the visitors would have carried away a more precise impression of all they saw. As it is, the souvenir is full of vague memories and odds and ends. The charm of Paris lies in its life in the streets, and one hour of the café is worth six at the Louvre or the Mint. Paris has become so Anglicised that the crowds did not cheer with their accustomed vigour, for fear of being taken for merely French people. It is *chic* to be *un tout petit peu froid* just now—à l'Anglaise, vous savez.



THE MOTHER OF THE FUTURE QUEEN OF SPAIN: PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

Princess Henry of Battenberg has four children. Princess Ena, who was born in 1887, is her only daughter. Her sons are Princes Alexander, Leopold, and Maurice.

Photograph by Keturah-Collings.

*The Honourable
Ismay Preston.*

The fiancée of Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Gormanston, and is a typical Irish girl, born and bred in Ireland, of which "Isle of Saints" her father is Premier Viscount. Miss Preston bears as her second name that of Lucretia, one seldom given to Roman Catholic maidens. After their marriage Lord and Lady Ninian Crichton-Stuart will live part of each year at the House of Falkland, co. Fife.

*King Christian in
Iceland.*

Iceland, as is generally known, belongs to Denmark, but as the island is a long way off, and the voyage for the greater part of the year an unpleasant one, it is not surprising that the King of Denmark does not visit his distant possession very often. The last time that King Christian went to Iceland was in 1874, when he bestowed self-government on the islanders. During his stay there his Majesty used to walk about the country and talk to the peasants, and one evening when he was wandering about alone he met a peasant who, without knowing to whom he was speaking, uttered the most revolutionary sentiments. "There is only one King who is an exception to the rule," said he, "and he is —" "The King of Denmark," interrupted the King. "You are quite right," replied the peasant. "I am rather of your opinion," said the King, and passed on.

*The Simple
Millionaire.*

A new chapter to the book of millionaires is added by the will of the late Mr. Marshall Field. He has made a departure. The late lamented "Sugar King" broke his heart and his bank in the attempt to write forty millions after his name. Mr. Enoch Emery, an American millionaire, ravaged the squares and gardens of Berlin of their flowers, and was hauled off to an asylum. "Chicago" Smith consecrated his life to the amassing of wealth with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer made merry; while Señor Yturbie, the Cuban owner of more millions than the year has weeks, devotes

his days to agonised flights from the rays of the sun. These things could not be, save in the much-moneyed. Mr. Marshall Field has guarded against all that. His heirs will know nothing yet of the two-and-twenty millions which, as his grandchildren, they will inherit. They are to be educated as the children of ordinary citizens, and believe themselves poor. Not until Marshall, aged twelve, attains fifty years will the accumulated capital be divided. As he and his nine-year-old brother, Henry, and his four-year-old sister, Gwendolen,

grow in years, there will be periodical divisions, five-figure and six-figure sums per time, but the great *coup* will wait. Friends who wish to borrow may enlighten them, but meantime young Marshall and party may play at being poor and good for pennies.



THE HON. ISMAY PRESTON, WHO IS ENGAGED TO
LORD NINIAN CRICHTON-STUART.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

*Lady Maud
Warrender.*

The youngest sister of Lord Shaftesbury, and the wife of a popular Baronet, would naturally play a great rôle in Society, but Lady Maud Warrender has the added advantages of beauty and brains. She has long been known as one of the best amateur actresses in the great world, and her exquisite voice might have entitled her, had she been born and bred in another sphere than her own, to have become the serious rival of our leading operatic singers. This gift is one of several she shares with her only brother, for Lord Shaftesbury has an exceptionally fine voice. One of five sisters, who all made brilliant marriages, Lady Maud Ashley, as she then was, elected to marry a younger son of but slender means. A series of unforeseen occurrences altered the young couple's fortunes, and led to Captain Warrender's succession to the family baronetcy. There was, however, an interval, during which the young naval officer saw something of active service; and when he entered Tientsin with the British forces, the Queen, who was very fond of Lady Maud, sent her a special telegram to tell her of his safety. Lady Maud often acts in aid of a charity, but her name is chiefly associated with the now famous

series of Chatsworth theatricals, and she scored quite a triumph there on the occasion of the production of "A Pantomime Rehearsal." Sir George Warrender is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Both husband and wife are high in the Royal favour, and their little son is a godson of Queen Victoria.

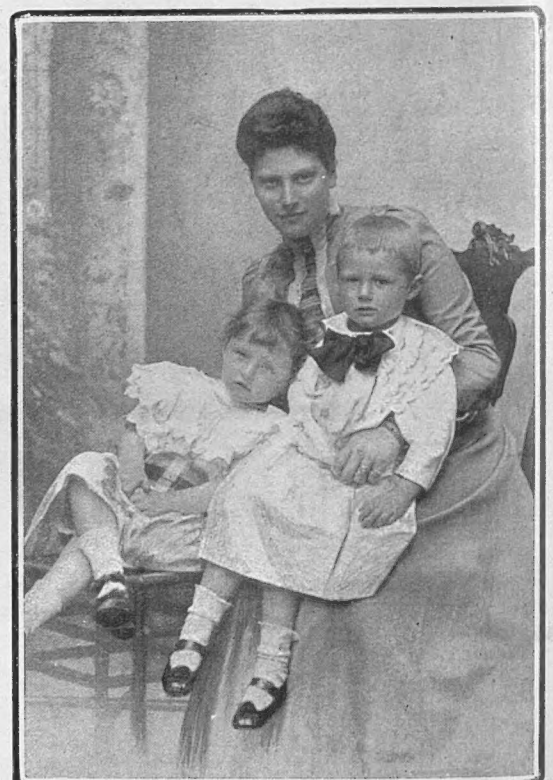
*A King's
Daughter.*

The new King and Queen of Denmark have been in great anxiety concerning the health of their eldest daughter, Princess Frederick of Schaumburg-

Lippe. Her Royal Highness, who is three years younger than King Haakon of Norway, and in appearance is thought to resemble some of her British cousins, was married just ten years ago. Her husband is one of the brothers of the beautiful Queen of Württemberg, and is an officer in the Austrian Army. The Princess has three children, and her only son is named after the late King of Denmark. Her Royal Highness has had an attack of meningitis, that inflammation of the membranes of the brain or spinal cord which can be so dangerous.



THE SIMPLE LIFE FOR MILLIONAIRES: MASTER HENRY FIELD, WHO INHERITS PART OF THE GREAT WEALTH OF THE LATE MR. MARSHALL FIELD, BUT IS TO BE BROUGHT UP AS THOUGH HE WERE POOR.



THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK AND TWO OF HER CHILDREN: PRINCESS FREDERICK OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE, WHO HAS BEEN SUFFERING FROM MENINGITIS.

*Lady Mary Hamilton
and the Marquess of
Graham.*

The betrothal of Lady Mary Hamilton and the Marquess of Graham—not altogether unexpected by

those who saw the young couple together at the celebration of the future Marchioness's coming-of-age last November—was the social event of last week, as their wedding will be the social event of some week to come. Of Lady Mary we had a good deal to say recently, but it may be recalled that she is the only daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, the richest woman in Great Britain, and owner of Easton Park, Brodick Castle, and the Isle of Arran, which came into the possession of her family by the marriage of Princess Mary Stuart, elder daughter of James II. of Scotland, with the first Lord Hamilton. Her fiancé is twenty-eight and the eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, whose family was sadly impoverished by the Civil War in the seventeenth century, but can still call much good land its own. He is soldier and sailor too. As soldier he served with distinction during the South African War, when he was one of those on the heels of De Wet; as sailor, he was in the Royal Navy, took a place before the mast in the mercantile marine, earned a master's certificate, navigated Lord Brassey's famous yacht the *Sunbeam* from Australia via the Straits Settlements, and is Commander of the Clyde Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve—in a word,



TO WED THE WEALTHIEST WOMAN
IN GREAT BRITAIN: THE MARQUESS
OF GRAHAM, WHO IS ENGAGED TO
LADY MARY HAMILTON.

Photograph by Scott.

"that noble sailor" whose praises Mr. W. Clark Russell recently sang in the columns of the *Morning Post*. His engagement will

M. Revoil, the American and French Plenipotentiaries, had the air of fearfully interrogating the future. As to Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, he was *triste*, terribly *triste*. What had happened? Something very desperate indeed. Pompon was ill. It is excusable to have vague notions on the subject of *l'Ayuntamiento*, but not to

Mrs. Herbert Gladstone. Mrs. Arthur Paget's contribution is in gratitude for her recovery.

*For Stamp
Collectors.*

In October last Denmark, which up to that time had only engraved arms, figures, or allegorical pictures on its stamps, placed on them the head of its venerable monarch. But hardly had the set been issued when the Father-in-Law of Europe died, and now the sale of the stamps has been stopped. A new issue, with the head of Frederick VIII., will shortly be published, and the few stamps with the head of King Christian will become valuable on account of their rarity.

Pompon.

As if the air were not already charged enough Morocco way, there is another complication at Algeiras. At the Hotel Reina Christina, the other evening, a profound agitation seemed to possess the whole assembly. Even El Mokri, the calm, impenetrable El Mokri, cast an anxious glance at Count von Tattenbach. Sir H. Nicholson was clearly moved, and Mr. White and



IRELAND.—LADY DOCKRELL, "CHAIRMAN" OF THE BLACKROCK, DUBLIN, URBAN COUNCIL.

Lady Dockrell, who was recently elected Chairman of the Blackrock, Dublin, Urban Council, is the wife of Sir Maurice E. Dockrell. She was Vice-Chairman of the Blackrock Council for some years, and has long been interested in public affairs. It may be noted that Chairmen of Urban Councils hold the Commission of the Peace by virtue of their office.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

certainly solace him for his defeat at Stirlingshire the other day.

*The Queen
and Public
Charity.*

Her Majesty, even in the midst of her grief, so far for-

got her private sorrows as to arrange an important scheme for relieving the Queen Victoria Institute for Nurses of its deficit of over two thousand pounds. In a characteristically kind letter to Lady Cadogan, the Queen said how much interested she was in the proposal to obtain a number of ladies, each willing to guarantee not less than a hundred pounds. Further, her Majesty has started the fund with a donation of a hundred pounds from herself. It is interesting to note that among the clever ladies who form what is called Queen Alexandra's Committee are Mrs. George Alexander and



SCOTLAND.—LADY MARY HAMILTON, THE WEALTHIEST WOMAN IN GREAT BRITAIN, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO THE MARQUESS OF GRAHAM IS ANNOUNCED.

Lady Mary's income is estimated at something over £100,000 a year, and she is owner of Easton Park, Suffolk, Brodick Castle, and the Isle of Arran. She is the daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, and celebrated her coming of age last November.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street.



FRANCE.—MME. MASSIEU, THE EXPLORER, WHO IS TO RECEIVE THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

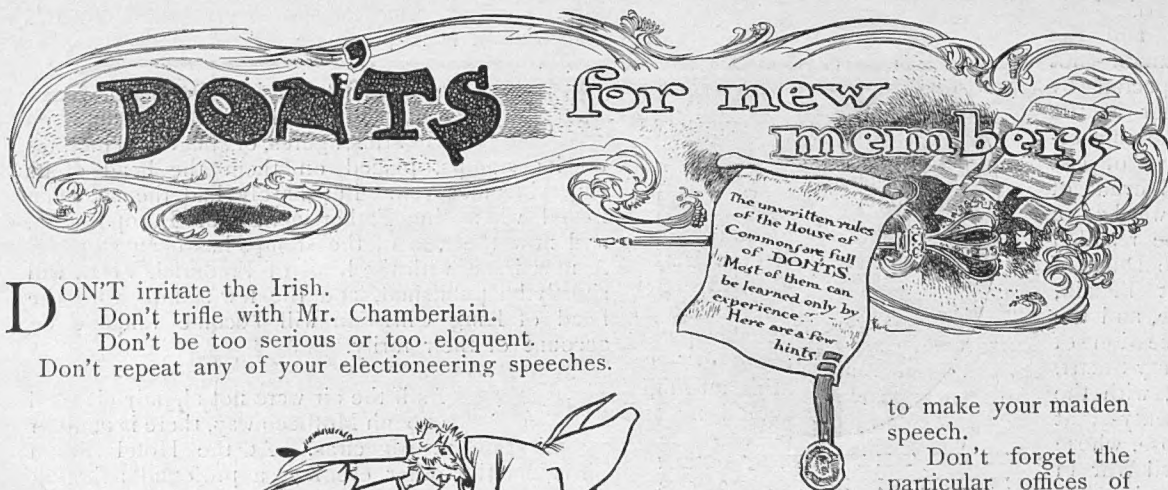
Mme. Massieu, who is to receive the Legion of Honour, is one of France's most distinguished explorers. In the course of her travels she has visited unknown regions of Siam, Mongolia, Tibet, Cambodia, and Cochin China, and she is the holder of numerous literary and scientific honours. At present she is at work on a dictionary of Hindustani.

Photograph by Nadar.

poodle of Count Cassini. The other day, just as he was about to accompany his master to the Conference, he was bitten by the head waiter's dog. Since then Pompon has lost gaiety and appetite. (It reads like a pill advertisement, but it is a sober fact.) They have summoned a vet., but Pompon is still suffering. Is it a bad augury? Does it suggest that the diplomats will soon begin to bark at one another?

The Newest Peer.

To the new Peers there has now been added Sir Edward Arthur Colebrooke, fifth Baronet, who succeeded his father, Sir Thomas Edward Colebrooke, sixteen years ago. Sir Edward was born in 1861, married Alexandra Harriet, daughter of the late General Lord Alfred Henry Paget, in 1889, is a D.L. for Lanarkshire, and owns some 30,000 acres.



DON'T irritate the Irish.
Don't trifle with Mr. Chamberlain.
Don't be too serious or too eloquent.
Don't repeat any of your electioneering speeches.



to make your maiden speech.

Don't forget the particular offices of the new Ministers; they may be sensitive on the subject.

Don't forget any man's constituency.

Don't allude to a member directly as "you," but allude to him in the third person.

except on a point of order after a division has been challenged, when you must keep on your hat.

Don't clap your hands or hiss, but cry "Hear, hear" or "Hee-aw, hee-aw."

Don't take both your feet off the floor when you are seated, unless you are beyond the Speaker's vision or unless you sit on a front bench, where you may place your



Don't quote poetry, and don't tell the anecdote that was so popular at your meetings.

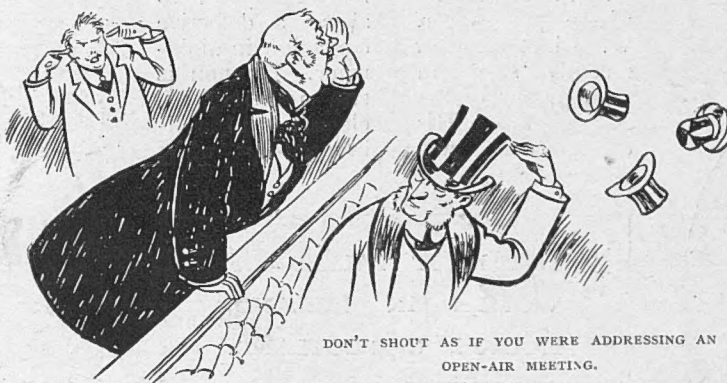
Don't read your speeches—except by stealth.

Don't try to be funny, unless you have wit or humour.

Don't address the gallery, or show any consciousness of the existence of strangers.

Don't praise your constituents too ostentatiously.

Don't refer to your wife or your domestic affairs.



DON'T BE TOO SERIOUS OR TOO ELOQUENT.

feet against the table; it is forbidden to members to lie down on a bench.

Don't sit on your hat.

Don't attempt to address the House from the cross-benches or from the gangway.

Don't address the Speaker and the House as "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen"; simply address "Mr. Speaker."

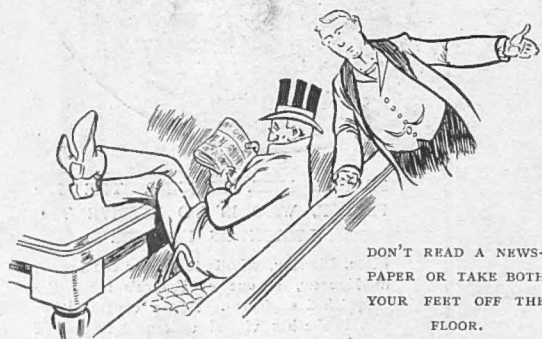
Don't quote Latin or Greek.

Don't refer to a member by name, but refer to him by his constituency.

Don't forget to call every member on your own side right honourable or honourable "friend," although he may be your enemy.

Don't forget the members who are right honourable, because all are sensitive; it is better to err on the complimentary side.

Don't call a man a liar, but learn the Parliamentary equivalent.



DON'T READ A NEWSPAPER OR TAKE BOTH YOUR FEET OFF THE FLOOR.

Don't despise the traditions of the House.

Don't wear your hat in entering or leaving the House or in moving from one bench to another.

Don't walk between the Speaker and the member who is addressing the Chair.

Don't hesitate to obey the Speaker's rulings.

Don't carry political animosities into political relationships.

Don't be in too great a hurry



DON'T HESITATE TO OBEY THE SPEAKER'S RULINGS.

Don't shout as if you were addressing an open-air meeting.

Don't try to catch the Speaker's eye when you see that one of your leaders wishes to speak.

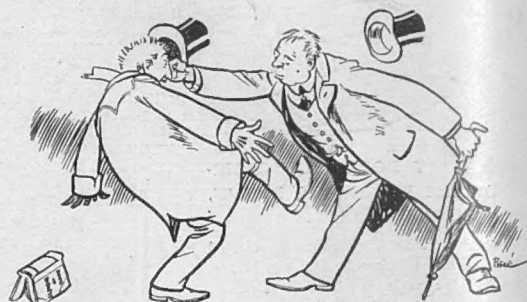
Don't imagine that the leading opponents hate one another, as you led the electors to believe was the case when you assumed that there was nothing but virtue on your own side and nothing but vice on the other.

Don't bring a stranger within the House proper.

Don't read a newspaper.

Don't sit on a front bench beside the table unless you are in the Government or have been in the Government.

Don't address the Speaker while you are seated,



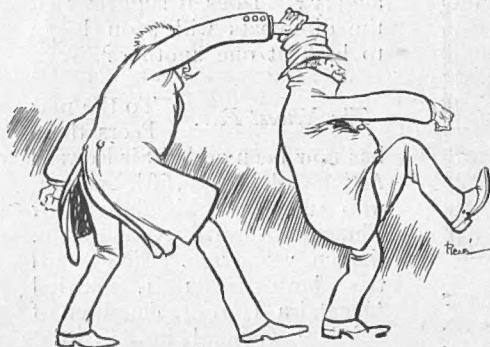
DON'T CALL A MAN A LIAR, BUT LEARN THE PARLIAMENTARY EQUIVALENT.

Don't quote French unless you are a County Councillor.

Don't smoke in the House.

Don't describe Mr. T. P. O'Connor as the Member for Scotland Yard; he represents the Scotland Ward Division of Liverpool.

Don't describe Mr. Redmond as the Irish leader; he is the Chairman of the Irish Party, but is referred to merely as the Honourable Member for Waterford; you may allude to him as "honourable and learned," as he has been called to the Bar.



DON'T WEAR YOUR HAT IN ENTERING OR LEAVING THE HOUSE.



IT IS FORBIDDEN TO MEMBERS TO LIE DOWN ON A BENCH.

THE WHITE HOUSE WEDDING.



MME. DE CHAMBRUN.

MR. LONGWORTH.

MISS ROOSEVELT.

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, HER FIANCÉ, MR. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, AND MR. LONGWORTH'S SISTER,
MME. DE CHAMBRUN, AT SKERRYVORE.

The wedding of Miss Alice Roosevelt and Mr. Nicholas Longworth, Member of Congress from Cincinnati, is to take place in the White House on Saturday next, the 17th. Miss Roosevelt is the daughter of the President's first wife, and she has been brought up by her father's sister, the wife of Commander Cowles, of the United States Navy, and her step-mother. Mme. de Chambrun, Mr. Longworth's sister, is the wife of the Comte de Chambrun. Skerryvore is Mr. Longworth's property.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



By E. A. B.

Precedent for the Balfour-Chamberlain Situation.

The contest which has been for some time in progress between the followers of Mr. Chamberlain and those of Mr. Balfour has been reviewed as though it were unprecedented in politics. As a fact it is but a repetition of the struggle which every era produces. The careers of all our old-time giants tell the same story—Chatham, Pitt, Melbourne, Palmerston, Derby, Russell, Lord Randolph Churchill, and "the old gang." The Balfour-Chamberlain political relations have been far less strained than at one time were those between Sir William Harcourt and Lord Rosebery; while between the latter and the Prime Minister of to-day there is a wide gulf fixed. Cobden once wrote, "All men of the age of seventy-two with ambition unsatisfied are desperadoes," suggesting his agreement with the dictum of a General who declared that that army which placed all its old officers on the retired list at the very commencement of hostilities would always be successful. Age, however, does not enter into the question here; Mr. Chamberlain, though in his seventieth year, appears as young for his age as Gladstone was. It was different when Lord



BUTTER AS A MEDIUM FOR THE SCULPTOR: A DISH OF FLOWERS AND FRUIT OF BUTTER.

a man's labours are supposed to be already ended. Gladstone was seventy-one when he gained his greatest majority at the polls; well over fourscore when he formed his last Administration. On the other hand, Sir Stafford Northcote was kicked out of the leadership of his party as too old when well on the right side of seventy. Disraeli, believing that Gladstone had permanently retired, was thankful, at seventy-two, to enter the serene atmosphere of the House of Lords. What might have happened had not Peel spurned him in his youth will always remain a fascinating problem. He confessed many years afterwards to Peel's daughter that he had entertained the profoundest admiration for her father; that, his overtures being rejected, he had deliberately attacked him as the only other way of fighting his way to position. The confession, it need hardly be said, was not graciously received by the lady to whom it was made.

Family Parliaments. Not only does the present Parliament represent greater diversity of parties than its predecessor; family relationships are not so conspicuous as heretofore. There are a trio of brothers and several pairs in the House; but the Balfour brotherhood, the Cecil, the Long, the Fergusson, the Hamilton and other brotherhoods of earlier days are absent. Father and son in the Messrs. Chamberlain sit side by side, but the Premier will no longer be opposed by his Tory brother; while Lord Fitzmaurice has gone to the Upper Chamber to cross swords with Lord Lansdowne, the head of his house. Family relationships have produced curious results in Parliament. Peel and his father once took opposite sides in a memorable scene. Sir William Harcourt had no more inveterate opponent in the House than his own brother; while Sir Thomas Gladstone actually petitioned the House to throw out a measure which the then Prime Minister, his younger brother, was proposing. The petition was introduced by Lord Wemyss, then Lord Elcho, and in response Gladstone gravely introduced a petition in favour of the measure under discussion, presented by Lord Elcho's own constituents. Nor was that the funniest thing in regard to the Gladstone brothers. "I must shake hands with you,"

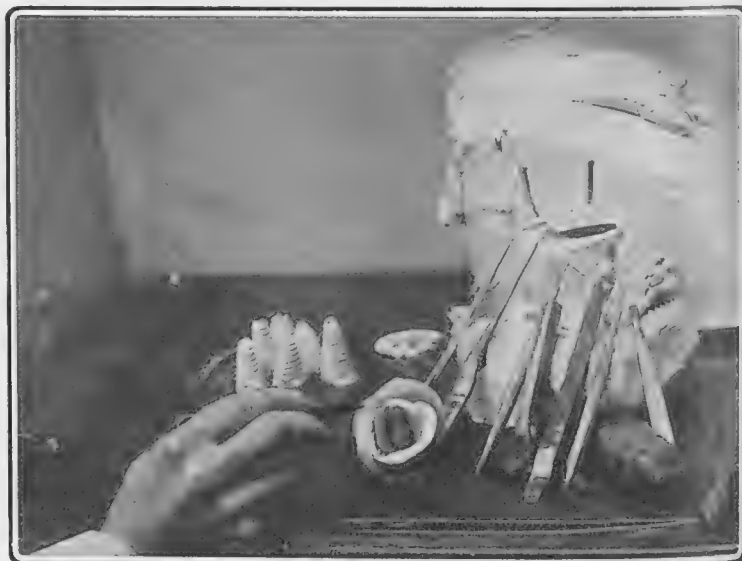
said an excited elector, dashing up to Sir Thomas, "I must shake hands with you—for your brother's sake!"

Social Politics.

The activity in town during the last few days has emphasised the prediction that political hostesses are to play a more important part in Parliament than they have recently been doing. Sir Archibald Milman, than whom none better knew the social aspect of political life, remarked to the writer that the last political salon having disappeared with the death of Lady Palmerston, there would never be a revival. Circumstances gave colour to the prophecy. Lord Salisbury, like Lord Rosebery, was a widower. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were too old to entertain. Mr. Balfour is a bachelor; Mrs. Chamberlain has held aloof from politics. Lady Campbell-Bannerman is an invalid, and Sir Edward Grey has been bereaved by a tragedy which is painfully fresh in the minds of all. It is not, therefore, so much at the houses of the actual leaders of the party that the new political salons are to be sought; they will be found at the establishments of influential people, now friends of the party, who, until Tariff Reform was mooted, were more closely associated with movements such as the Primrose League.

Embarrassing Diplomacy.

It is not alone in England that feminine influence has played a considerable part in politics. Bismarck used to aver that his wife had made him what he was. He left everything outside State affairs to her, and in these she, like Mrs. Gladstone, had more share than was commonly suspected. During a long conversation, the representative of a Great Power, who had called upon Bismarck, asked how he managed to get rid of troublesome visitors—of people who overstayed their time and bored him. "Nothing could be simpler," answered the Chancellor. "When my wife thinks anyone is staying too long, she merely sends for me, and the interview terminates—that's all." Hardly had he spoken when the door opened and his servant entered and, bowing low, said that the Princess desired her husband's presence for a few moments. The horrified Ambassador had been let into the secret a moment too soon, and fled.



THE ARTIST IN BUTTER—HIS TOOLS AND HIS MATERIAL. The ordinary "pat," with a sedate cow or a substantial dairymaid imprinted upon it, is no longer deemed sufficiently artistic for the expert in table-decoration. Thus it is that the artist in butter has come into being.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



FRANCE'S RECORD LADY-KILLER:
"VICOMTE DE LEPARRE."

The "Vicomte," who was recently tried at Ariège on a charge of having swindled various persons and companies, is said to be the son of a small farmer. He first married a South American and disappeared with her dowry; since then he has wedded four wives.



"ALL HUSBANDS' DAY"; VILLAGE GIRLS FISHING
FOR SWEETHEARTS.

In Maradidi, January the 19th is known as "All Husbands' Day." The unengaged girls fish with spiked sticks for cards bearing the names of the eligible men of the village, and placed in bran-tubs. When a girl lands a "fish," the man whose name is inscribed upon it is expected to "walk out" with her, with a view to a possible engagement.



SWITZERLAND'S BOY-GIRL: "VIRGINIE"
LACROIX, OF MORAT.

"Virginie," who is employed at a straw-mattress factory, is seventeen years old, and has just been found to belong to the sterner sex. The boy's mother, fearful that her child would be called upon to serve in the army, had him baptised and registered as a girl.



A CABMAN RECEIVES HIS LEGAL FARE AND SMILES:
THE RUSSIAN JEHU'S POLITENESS.

Londoners who visit Russia discover, to their exceeding joy, that the Russian cabman is nothing if not urbane. "In the cities," says one of our correspondents, "they receive their exact legal fare, which is invariably very low, with a smile and a bow. In other districts the cabman usually holds his hat in his hand when receiving his payment."



A RUSSIAN PRIEST VOLUNTARILY EXTENDS HIS SENTENCE: FATHER
NAZIROFF TOLLING THE BELLS HE RINGS FOR SIXTEEN HOURS A DAY.

In 1894, Father Naziroff committed a crime and was duly punished. In his opinion, however, the sentence was much too lenient, and for the past ten years he has performed penance by tolling the two church bells here shown for sixteen hours a day.

The act has obtained for him the reputation of a latter-day saint.



FROM CAVALRY COLONEL TO TRAMPING
TINKER: IVAN KLÉBER.

Ivan Kléber, once a Colonel in the Preobrajensky Guards, is now a crippled tinker who is a familiar sight in the neighbourhood of Nijni Novgorod. The ex-Colonel fought with distinction at Geok Tapé, but was afterwards involved in a plot against the Tsar and was sent to Siberia.



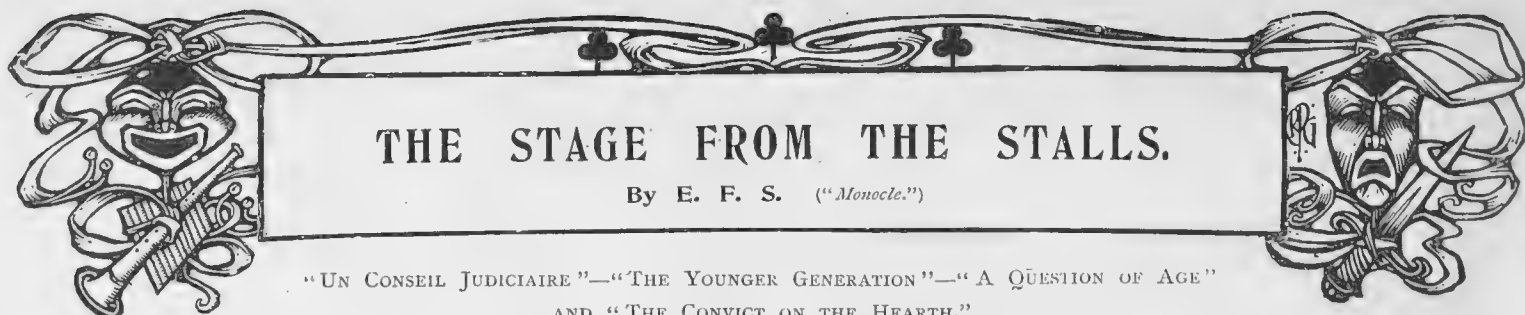
PRINCESS AND CIRCUS-RIDER: PRINCESS
FEHIM, NÉE MORGAN.

Before her marriage, the Princess, who is an American, was known as Margaret Morgan. Prince Fehim saw her giving her bareback riding performance, fell in love with her, and married her. On hearing this, the Sultan of Turkey banished the Prince to a remote part of Arabia, and had the Princess expelled from Turkey.



A LADY WHO WILL NOT HEAR OF KING
CHRISTIAN'S DEATH FOR THREE MONTHS.

It is a little curious to note that the Greenlanders, subjects of the King of Denmark, will not hear the news of King Christian's death until the breaking up of the ice three months hence brings them once more into contact with the world. They will probably celebrate the late King's birthday in April as usual.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"UN CONSEIL JUDICIAIRE"—"THE YOUNGER GENERATION"—"A QUESTION OF AGE"
AND "THE CONVICT ON THE HEARTH."

THE French company at the Royalty certainly changes from grave to gay, and after the realistic, the neo-romantic and the classic is taking a turn at the Palais Royal farce. We shall have the French bread-and-butter Misses trying to come to London to see the plays to which their parents will not take them when at home. In the play by MM. Moinaux and Bisson, called "Un Conseil Judiciaire," plenty of fun was made ingeniously of a valuable law that we need in England—the law which enables the Court to appoint a guardian to spendthrifts, and prevent them from imitating the "Jubilee Plunger" and his tribe of weak-headed creatures, who in months dissipate childish fortunes amassed by a lifetime of labour. The spendthrift in this case is a pretty married woman, the applicant a really affectionate husband afraid of being ruined by her folly, the guardian an elderly henpecked barrister, who falls in love with his charming ward. The game is kept up merrily till the husband, hoping that his wife is cured, frees her from her thralldom. It is not a great farce and relies more on extravagant comic business than on construction or character, but in the hands of a capital company it kept the house in a roar. Perhaps all-round excellence rather than individual brilliance is the feature of the performance. However, M. Galipaux is a real comedian, who by quiet, fresh humour delighted the house as the guardian; and Mlle. Thomassin, who had already made a hit in "La Petite Fonctionnaire," amused everybody by her performance as the extravagant young wife.

Miss Netta Syrett's curtain-raiser "The Younger Generation," which Mr. Welch has put on at Terry's before "The Heroic Stubbs" is drama of a very feminine type. The word implies some praise and some disparagement. It is a fairly successful attempt to turn to dramatic account one of the minor sentiments of life—the sentiments which seem tragic to the person chiefly concerned and a little comic to everybody else. A widow, still young and beautiful, is awaiting a proposal from the man who loved her years ago. The man asks for the hand of her daughter. As Mr. R. V. Harcourt puts it in another play, it is "a question of age." Unfortunately, this particular piece of sentiment has been worn a little threadbare. Miss Syrett's treatment of it is simple and straightforward, but does not strike one as being original or deep. The mother's part is very charmingly played by Miss Irene Rooke, who has not yet, however, reached the stage at which she can seem convincing as a widow of middle age.

Mr. Frederick Fenn's one-act comedy, "The Convict on the Hearth," tells a very different story. It was produced at the end of a long afternoon at the Royal Court Theatre, and though showing a miscalculation on Mr. Granville Barker's part as to the length of the programme, restored our faith in his judgment concerning the choice of plays—a faith which had been somewhat shaken by Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt's "A Question of Age." The convict, having served his time, comes home to his loving family in Corporation Buildings, Kennington Butts. Clearly this is a situation full of possibilities of humour and tragedy, so that one wonders somebody has not used it before: which is a

characteristic of all important discoveries. It cannot, of course, be said that Mr. Fenn is the first to go to low life for his subjects; but here, as in "Op o' My Thumb," that remarkable little idyll of a laundry, he shows that he has observed the inhabitants of mean streets with sympathy and can treat them as human beings, and not the puppets of farce or dolls of melodrama. His work in this case recalls, perhaps inevitably, Mr. Bernard Shaw. His clergyman whose tact and common-sense smooth everything down comes straight from "Candida," and is played most effectively by Mr. C. V. France; his convict, presented brilliantly by Mr. Edmund Gwenn, is 'Enery Straker, of "Man and Superman," without the smartness and the education shown by that fascinating product of modern civilisation; and the whole of the scene between them works out the situation that is to be found, *mutatis mutandis*, in Act II. of "Major Barbara." No charge of plagiarism, however, is possible. Mr. Fenn has a philosophy of his own, not so deep nor yet so disturbing as that of Mr. Shaw, and he expresses it in a way which is also all his own. The conclusion—general reconciliation, with two improvident marriages in the offing—is not altogether conclusive; in the nature of things, it could hardly be otherwise. However, it is a delightfully humorous and suggestive little play, with a series of very clever character-sketches by Mr. France, Mr. Gwenn, Mr. Edmund Gurney, Miss Mary Brough, Miss Madge McIntosh, and others, who ought, in fairness, all to be picked out individually for praise.

Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt also appears to have a philosophy of his own, but he has yet to make clear in his own mind what it is, and then to learn how to make it clear to others. At present it is all wrapt in a most exasperating mystery. I think we may assume that there really is something lying behind the obscurities of "A Question of Age." We catch glimpses of quaint ideas, scraps of clever dialogue, and touches of genuine humour. Nevertheless, anybody can be defied to say what Henry Bernard felt towards the impetuous Olive Vane or the wealthy Mrs. Beddoes and the prospects of his own future; what Mrs.

Beddoes meant herself and what she thought he meant, and what she thought he thought she meant; what Olive thought they both meant, or whether Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Langley, who seems, on the whole, to have kept his head, thought he knew what they all meant, or, like the audience, gave it up in despair. In the course of three acts, Miss Fanny Brough had been wildly and fiercely wrathful and overwhelmed with grief; Miss Mabel Hackney had been scornful, agitated, and passionate, Mr. C. M. Hallard had been frankly cynical and distressingly perplexed, and Mr. Fred Kerr had been imperturbably straightforward (with occasional lapses) and good-humoured. There were also minor parts. Mr. Kenneth Douglas, for instance, was quite funny, and his brain seemed to be working at normal pressure; and Miss Darragh was cleverly wicked, to no particular purpose. Mr. Harcourt showed real skill, combined with some uncertainty of aim, in "An Angel Unawares," so I hope that this strange production is not the last that we are to hear of the author.



THE STAGE SHOP-GIRLS WHOSE SENTIMENTS HAVE BEEN RESENTED BY REAL SHOP-GIRLS: MISS LITTLEWOOD (MISS EVA TURNOUR) AND MISS TRIMMER (MISS ROSE TEMPLE).

MISS TRIMMER: I often ask myself 'What's the use of being virtuous in a shop?'

The line quoted above, which is from Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Heroic Stubbs," has been resented by a number of London shop-girls, and to give these a chance of judging the play and the line, Mr. James Welch invited a number of the lady representatives of the assistants in London shops to a *matinée* on Thursday of last week. The verdict appears to have been in the play's favour.

Photograph by Bassano.

Miss Pellender
(Miss Beatrice Ferrat).

Noel
(Mr. Robert
Bottomley).

Mrs.
Pellender
(Miss Winifred
Emery).

Edith
(Miss Dagmar V'iehe).
Nancy
(Miss Madge Titheradge).

"THE SUPERIOR MISS PELLENDER," AT THE WALDORF.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS MR. TISTER, AND MISS WINIFRED EMERY AS MRS. PELLENDER
IN "THE SUPERIOR MISS PELLENDER," AT THE WALDORF.

MR. TISTER: May I answer your answer, and shout back "I love you"? Not in words, Mary, but in whistles.

The widowed Mrs. Pellender and Mr. Tister have fallen in love, but have grave doubts as to how the Pellender children will receive the news of their engagement. Mrs. Pellender dare not disclose the situation, and Mr. Tister is equally diffident. Mrs. Pellender attempts to break the ice by "mentioning" Mr. Tister several times, but fails dismally. Eventually the pair decide that an elopement is the only way out of the difficulty, and proceed to put their idea into practice, leaving the Superior Miss Pellender, the chief thorn in the flesh, the chagrin of discovering that her righteous indignation at the belief that her mother wished her to marry Mr. Tister was quite unnecessary.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

"THE PARTIK'LER PET," AT THE WALDORF.



Nicholls (Mr. F. Percival Stevens).

Tutt (Mr. Cyril Maude).

NICHOLLS: Wot ther devil do you want?

TUTT: Want? Want ter go ter bed. This 'ere's a spike, ain't it?



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS TUTT, THE TRAMP WHO IS MISTAKEN FOR AN AMATEUR CASUAL.



NICHOLLS: I respect reporters. I might even say I love reporters.

TUTT: 'E's as drunk as a fool!



NICHOLLS: Good night, my dear old friend, and I hope you will stay with us a long, long time.

TUTT: I 'ope so, too, Guv'ner. Good night.

Mild alarm is in the mind of Nicholls, superintendent of a casual ward. A newspaper man disguised as a tramp has visited a neighbouring "spike," has chronicled its deficiencies, and so has secured the dismissal of the worthy in charge of it. Nicholls is living in fear of being "taken in and done for" in similar fashion, and is only too ready to see in the tramp Tutt yet another journalist sent to spy out the land, more especially as this newcomer is given to asking questions. Thus it is that he treats his visitor with excessive politeness, presenting him with tobacco and new clothes, overwhelming him with clumsy kindnesses, and talking glibly of his great love for reporters. Tutt is astounded, but is wily enough to accept the comforts his supposed position gives him, and takes up his quarters as "The Partik'ler Pet" of the superintendent.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

FIE, FIDO!

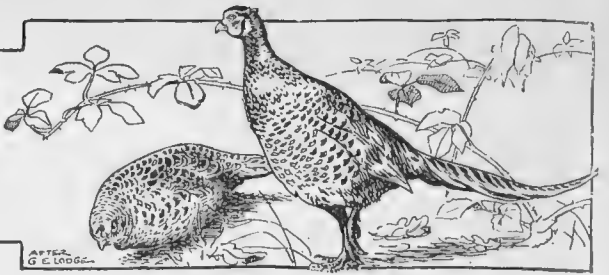


LADY (*staunch teetotaller*): Oh, please, would you mind fetching my little dog, Fido, out of that public house?
OBLIGING OSTLER: Yes, Mum. Certainly, Mum. Which bar was you in?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



WEEK-END PAPERS



BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

The Ethics of Sport.

I was writing last week about the habits of game-birds, and found my space exhausted before I had got well into touch with my subject, so to it this week, because I make no further apology for returning there are several little points that are worth noting in an attempt to prove that animal instinct is very nearly allied to human reason. The more one can advance in justification of this suggestion, the easier it is to force the inevitable conclusion that our present attacks upon fur and feather are often indiscriminate and regrettable. I would not suggest that there is no measure of justification for shooting, for there is ample. Nature herself is on no terms with sentiment; it does not often enter into her scheme of things, and when it does, comes in fulfilment of some law that we cannot at present understand. The only aspect of shooting that one is opposed to utterly is the shooting of birds that are comparatively tame, like trapped pigeons or hand-reared pheasants, and the making of big bags for the sake of sensation, or in order to go one better than one's neighbour. We know that birds and beasts in their wild state are always inclined to treat man as a friend, until he demonstrates that he is merely a destroyer and nothing else. Even the dolphin and the porpoise seem disposed to take a friendly interest in man until he amuses himself in trying to kill them by way of acknowledging their attention; and it is well to remember that the friendly interest of any living thing is infinitely better than mere possession of the dead body from which friendly and other interests have quite departed.

Grouse in Fog. To return to cases of bird instinct that have come under my own observation, I recall an afternoon when I was caught on a grouse moor by a thick mist which came down with a rapidity that forbade escape. I was told later that it was the first of the autumn mists, and consequently would be as new to the majority of the grouse as it was unpleasant to me. I waited until the moor cleared, and during that time heard grouse calling all round me in fashion that indicated as clearly as possible the birds' surprise and consternation. It was almost human. At first I heard an old cock bird cry repeatedly as though to express his contempt for all phenomena associated with the weather. Then others of the covey began to make remarks in their own fashion, and the parent bird continued to crow with ever-diminishing confidence, until all the unconcern had gone from his call. When the mist lightened, I was able to catch a brief glimpse of the family, ten in number, perched upon a

stray boulder that stood up in the heather, huddled together and looking as dejected as possible. As far as one could tell, their emotions were perfectly simple and almost human, and between them, surprised in their homes, and the Londoners upon whom the pea-soup fog of the Metropolis descends at certain periods of the year there might well be a bond of sympathy.



WINE FROM THE FRENCH PRESIDENT'S GRAPES: "ORDINAIRE" FROM THE LANDS OF M. FALLIÈRES ON SALE IN PARIS.

Wine made from grapes grown in the vineyards of M. Fallières, the new President of France, is enjoying a "boom" of curiosity just now. The fruit grown on his estate year by year is purchased by an Agen dealer, and by him the wine is sold to the Paris retailers. The vintage fetches 60 and 80 centimes the litre.

From a Photograph.

some suspicion of the truth flashed across my mind. I crouched behind a sheaf and waited. Sure enough, in another few minutes came the cock bird's cautious call, and at its bidding six or eight half-grown birds came from their several shelters and followed their leader over the hedge into a neighbouring field. Then I realised with infinite regret what had happened. The mother bird, conscious that her brood was only just able to fly and did not know the outlying fields, would not leave them, and when her mate flew away she remained to do her best for their protection. Had I been really thinking of what I was doing, I should have realised this from the nature of her flight and should most certainly have held my hand. Such a brave mother deserved a far better fate.



THE HOME OF VELASQUEZ'S "VENUS WITH THE MIRROR": ROKEBY, YORKSHIRE. Rokeby, the home of the "Venus with the Mirror," which has now been secured for the nation, gave its name to Scott's poem.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.

WHY THE VALENTINE DID NOT ARRIVE.



"Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height."

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

OF all attempts at rehabilitation the attempt to rehabilitate the accuracy of Froude is the most hopeless. Mr. Andrew Lang has a capital paper, entitled "Freeman *versus* Froude," in the February *Cornhill*. He has strong sympathies with Froude, and thinks his style as clear and as beautiful as a Hampshire chalk-stream. He admits that Froude's industry was colossal and that he toiled hard at manuscripts. But accurate he was not. Freeman had but a limited knowledge of the sixteenth century, but the pathetic thing is that, if his knowledge had been greater, he could have made himself infinitely more disagreeable to his victim. Froude had an unfortunate habit of putting between marks of quotation his own summary of the contents of a document. In doing so he would leave out, with no marks of omission, passages which might be all-important to the sense. The results were necessarily erroneous.

While acknowledging his own native powers of going wrong, Mr. Lang selects a few examples of Froude's methods. He takes some fifteen pages of Froude's book where he treats of the religious revolution in Scotland, and finds the errors as thick as blackberries. No work of history can be altogether impeccable. So Mr. Lang says, and he is right. Macaulay perhaps comes the nearest to accuracy, so far as his materials serve him. But even Macaulay occasionally makes a slip, though he is the most dangerous of all men to the enterprising corrector. Mr. Lang sensibly says—"What we need is a man of genius like Mr. Froude to search and to write history; and then that history must be revised and corrected by seventy scientific historians, after which the man of genius rewrites his book, this time impeccably. As Mr. Paul reminds us, Professor Stubbs in 1876 pronounced Mr. Froude's to be 'a work of great industry, power, and importance.' That is the exact state of the case; but if the work were revised by such scholars as Mr. Pollard and Father Pollen, S.J., it would be a much-altered book in many points of detail." This is probably the just verdict.

"The only piece of literary advice that I have ever found to be of real and abiding use," says Mr. Arthur Benson, or someone who writes remarkably like him, "is the advice given by Professor Seeley to a youthful essayist. 'Don't be afraid,' said the Professor, 'of letting the bones show.'"

It is good news that Sir Frederick Treves has written a volume on Dorset, which is to be published in Messrs. Macmillan's "Highways and Byways Series." It would have been still better news that Mr. Hardy had written the book. Mr. Hardy is never more eloquent than when he talks of his beloved county, and he knows Dorset in every mood and tense. But Sir Frederick Treves writes well, and he, too, is a native of Dorchester, where he is proudly remembered.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, who seems to have taken up his permanent abode in the States, is said to be working on a romance

which he has named "The Paradise of the Wild Apple." The story was to have appeared last year, but was not completed on account of the author's ill-health.

No great novelist of the Victorian period has sunk so much out of sight as George Eliot. I was told the other day by an American friend with exceptional means of information that in the United States she was almost quite forgotten. It is not so here. A quiet current of interest runs steadily on, and there are occasional contributions to her history. Mr. Quiller Couch has a little book on the subject to be included in a series issued by Messrs. Blackwood. It will be mainly critical, no doubt. There is also an article in the *Cornhill* by Mr. W. H. Draper on George Eliot's Coventry friends. I do not find that much is added to our information, but there is a pleasant sketch of Mrs. Bray in her closing days.

The first edition of Goethe's poems ever issued in Japan made its appearance recently in Tokio. The Japanese editor finds in the poems of the German Olympian unusual vigour, fullness of life, an earnest spirit that is always a confession of the soul, a mysterious strength and calmness which yields sound like that of music, abundance of touch with human life, simplicity of style, and a form that is in strict accord with the content.

The Mark Twain dinner to the famous humorist on his seventieth birthday was a most successful affair, where everyone, including the guest, was in the highest spirits. Mark Twain, I learn from one who has seen him lately, is spending a bright and serene old age. He is rich and prosperous; his faculties are undimmed; he is surrounded by the affectionate regard of his family and friends, and, it may well be said, of a whole nation. In his speech he touched lightly on early hardships. "I have achieved my seventy years in the

usual way: by sticking strictly to a scheme of life which would kill anybody else. It sounds like an exaggeration, but that is really the common rule for attaining to old age." "We have no permanent habits until we are forty. Then they begin to harden, presently they petrify, then business begins." "For thirty years I have taken coffee and bread at eight in the morning, and no bite nor sup until 7.30 in the evening." "I have made it a rule never to smoke more than one cigar at a time. I have no other restriction as regards smoking." "As for drinking, I have no rule about that." "I have never taken any exercise, except sleeping and resting, and I never intend to take any. Exercise is loathsome. And it cannot be any benefit when you are tired; I was always tired." "I have lived a severely moral life. But it would be a mistake for other people to try that, or for me to recommend it." "Three-score years and ten! You are a time-expired man, to use Kipling's military phrase: you have served your term, well or less well, and you are mustered out. You pay the time-worn duty-bills if you choose, or decline if you prefer—and without prejudice—for they are not legally collectable." O. O.



AT THE EARLY DOOR.

VOICE IN THE CROWD (*distressfully*): Hi, Billy! I can't come in. I've swallowed me tanner!

DRAWN BY FRED. BUCHANAN.

WILLIAM THE EPICUREAN.



JANE: Ugh! I'm so cold. I wish I was in 'eaven.
WILLIAM: I don't. I wish I was in a nice pub.
JANE: Ain't that just like yer—always wants the best o' everythin'!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE PULCHRITUDONIUM.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

I SUPPOSE you do not know what a pulchritudonium is. Nor did I until quite recently; but I am better informed now, and, indeed, am quite an authority on the instrument—or implement? It was Delia's inquisitive mind that effected my instruction. Delia reads the newspapers, after a fashion—I should say, after the fashions. And the part of the paper on which her attention and interest are concentrated contains suitable advertisements to catch the unwary eye. Here it was that she came upon this pulchritudonium. The pulchritudonium beautifies you; it renders you (according to advertisement) proof against increasing years. It keeps the figure fine and the complexion fresh; and it only needs using for ten minutes every day. Also it only costs—but that is of no consequence, save that it started the pulchritudonium between Delia and myself.

"I suppose you couldn't let me have a small sum on my week's cheque?" inquired Delia affably.

I said I thought it might be managed, and, thinking a certain interestedness might be expected of me, asked why.

"Oh, I don't know," said Delia casually. "I thought perhaps I might buy—Edward, how do you pronounce pulchritudonium?" She spelt it out from her paper with pains, but I had forgotten what the first part was before we reached the end. However, at last we got at it.

"It seems a wonderful thing," she remarked, in a disinterested tone of voice.

"What, may I ask, is this wonderful thing?" I inquired, seeing that I was expected to do so.

At that, Delia, having achieved her introduction, began to talk glibly and with enthusiasm.

"You see, dear, it's on scientific principles, just discovered, and it develops you all over just properly and no more. It gets rid of all superfluous fat, you know, and makes you a perfect figure, besides sending the blood through the body and maintaining a perfect complexion by means of circulation. Oh, here it is. This is what it says." She had been hastily turning over the paper in search of the advertisement, and she now began to read impressively. "Beauty and symmetry are dependent upon the proper adjustment of the internal and external forces in an organism. If this adjustment be obtained, beauty naturally follows. In the case of the human being, Nature has so arranged it that a nice balance between the muscles, nerves, and ligaments"—Delia stumbled over that—"of the body secures the desired effect. This is obtained by suitable exercise, and this is the purpose for which the pulchritudonium was designed. No woman need despair of acquiring grace and lissomeness if she will systematically use the pulchritudonium."

Delia ceased, and look at me eagerly. Perhaps it was not a case for frankness, but I distrusted that show of false science.

"I don't think it would be any use at all," I said.

Delia put down the paper suddenly, and rose. "I see," she said coldly. "You don't mind my growing fat. You would like me to grow stout and lose my figure."

I explained that I was only questioning the adequacy of the pulchritudonium to permit such a thing; at which she relaxed.

"But ever so many people have used it, and testify to its advantages," she protested. "There's a whole list of names here."

"There always will be geese for quacks," I said, adding—"I mean ducks, of course."

"I haven't the faintest idea what you do mean," said Delia loftily, "and I think that that cynical way you've got into is simply beastly. I suppose you think it's becoming, but it isn't. It's only vulgar."

"All right," said I cheerfully. "If you think the pulch-what's-it's-name will make you more becoming, by all means have it."

Now I had conceded the point, and Delia had got what she wanted; and she ought to have been satisfied. But she was not. She did not even thank me.

"You used to admire me once," she said, after a pause.

"I know I did, my dear," I said lightly. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Of course," she said rather warmly, "if you think I'm not becoming, and that I'm getting too stout, please say so at once, and let me know. I always like to know the truth, however unpleasant."

"Good Lord!" I protested at this remarkable instance of feminine perversity. "You wanted the thing for that very reason, and I said you could have it."

"I didn't like your tone," said Delia, face to face with her own inconsistency, and somewhat primly she left the room, still without a word of thanks.

However, she bought the pulchritudonium, and it began at once to figure in our lives. It was for use before breakfast, and it had to be nailed to a wall. Delia had it nailed to her bed-room door, where, while she was using it, it resisted the efforts of any of her family to enter. It consisted of cords and pieces of wood to hold by, and when Delia was at work in her airy morning costume she looked like a dangerous Amazon. She stood upright, with a set expression on her

face, then, suddenly plunged out at you with ferocity, stoppèd, made a sally in another direction, recovered herself, and then dived for her toes. It was an interesting, but alarming performance.

The first time she went through it in strict privacy, but after one or two trials she got confidence, and invited me to witness it. It was unfortunate that the nails should have given on that particular occasion, because it was, as I have said, interesting, and I should like to have seen more of it. But Delia was so strenuous and fierce that they did give, and she went into the cold tub which she had already used some time before.

As I picked her out, I comforted her with the thought that it was a good thing she had not been fully dressed, but she was very cross, and seemed to think it was my fault.

"You ought to have tested them," she told me, as she wrung out her garments; and when I asked if she were going to resume she called me horrid, and told me to go.

Nothing daunted, Delia went on with her exercises next morning (the nails having been replaced), but I was not admitted. From time to time all that week I heard the door of her room going, as it creaked and rattled and groaned behind her exertions. Once in passing on the landing I gathered that our rather deaf cook, mistaking the groaning, no doubt, for a permissible answer to her knock, had opened the door, and caused a mishap. I heard Delia's voice crossly: "The door—my leg," and on that cook's "Yes'm. The leg has just come."

On another occasion the shrill screams of our pug summoned me in hot haste and some anxiety to the upper regions, when I found he had been indiscreetly curious enough to venture too close to his mistress in the abandon of her exertions. The result was a severe blow on what ought to have been his nose.

But the work was kept up with ruthless conscientiousness, and at the end of a fortnight I was once more called in, not this time to watch, but to report on results. It was at once obvious to me that reports were expected to be favourable.

"Do you know, Edward, that my waist is distinctly smaller?" I was told triumphantly. "My dress is quite loose."

I did not see the object of having a loose dress, but I didn't dare to say so. "Feel my muscles," she urged. I felt her beautifully rounded arm, but frankly, I did not feel for muscles. "Don't you think they've improved?" she asked, observing them critically.

"Much," said I, in a cowardly manner. She cast a glance of suspicion at me, but my face was very serious.

"Much!" she repeated coldly. "I suppose you thought me skinny before."

"Oh, dear no," said I hastily. "I thought you were perfection."

She looked mollified. "Then I couldn't have improved much," she remarked.

"Well, a little is a lot in the case of beauty," I explained.

She was still contemplating herself in the glass. "I can distinctly see signs of improvement," she said. "You see, as they say in the advertisement, it fills you out where you ought to be filled, and it takes you down where you oughtn't to be filled out."

"Yes, it's a wonderful thing," I agreed.

"Where do you think it's affected me most?" she inquired.

"Well, from the necessarily limited nature of my inspection, I am hardly in a position to judge," I said hesitatingly. "But I should hazard a guess that your complexion had improved most."

"I always had a good complexion, as you ought to know," she remarked decidedly.

"I know," I explained with acidity. "But it's the exercise that gives you colour perhaps."

Delia was silent, thoughtfully. "Do you mean I'm getting blowzy?" she asked anxiously. "I should just hate to be like a bouncing milkmaid."

"There is no danger of that," I assured her; but I left her peering into the glass.

The next morning Delia sought me in my study with a determined expression on her face. "Edward," said she, "I want your honest opinion. Is the pulchritudonium making my nose red?"

I was tired of the pulchritudonium; but I was very gentle.

"Well—er—no," I said hesitatingly.

Delia's chin stiffened. "Please don't stammer like that," she said sharply. "I want a plain answer."

"No," I said firmly.

She looked at me. "I think I'll give it up," she said next, rather abruptly.

"Do," said I eagerly. "Frankly, I don't think it has improved you, because it couldn't improve you."

A charming smile started on Delia's face. "I'm so glad," she said eagerly. "I'll give it up. I never did believe in it. Besides, I never needed it, did I?"

THE END.

Sunday Clothes — By Districts.



II.— WIDDICOMBE-BY-CHORLEY.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

IN BOHEMIA.

BY MARGERY WILLIAMS.

"AND this is really Bohemia!" said one of the women at the corner-table. "How delightful to think one has really found it! I'd begun to believe that it was an elusive quality—that it didn't exist, you know. But this is real."

She gazed about her at the bare floor, the little tables, the dingy walls where hung, fronting each other, two framed oleographs; one of the Bay of Naples, one of the East River suspension bridge. At one table, where the cloth had been removed, five men were playing cards. At the far end of the room, near a shelf with strange-shaped bottles ranged, the little waitress sat hemming a handkerchief. She worked steadily, but once in a while her eyes were furtively lifted to the four Americans in the corner.

"Yes, we've tracked it down this time," laughed her companion. "Look at the tablecloth if you have lingering doubts—and don't mind your supper being spoiled. It's the real thing, sure. Isn't that so, Jephson? Jephson ought to know. He's been there. We are of the uninitiated—the vulgarly respectable."

The third man of the party looked up. "What?" he said.

"Mrs. Mason demands to know if this is really Bohemia or merely a wild-goose chase. Break it gently."

"Oh, yes, it's Bohemia," he said, and smiled automatically. "It's the genuine article—so far as anything is genuine."

"Oh, don't spoil it by qualifications!" She turned her head. "What queer stumpy glasses. I wonder what all these people are that come here? I suppose that's Italian they're talking over there. Can you understand it? I wish I did."

"Maybe it's as well you don't."

"Nothing shocks me! Besides, I want to be thrilled. It's lovely, isn't it? We might be miles from New York!"

"With that picture of the East River—"

"Oh, it's a shame! They shouldn't have it here. I'm going to turn right around so I won't see it. Are those men really quarrelling, or does it just sound that way?"

The other girl turned to Jephson.

"You're very quiet to-night," she said.

"I beg your pardon. I was thinking. It's a reprehensible practice. May I—"

He refilled her glass from the wicker-covered bottle. "Do you like this wine?"

"It's nice, isn't it?" She leaned her arm on the table. "But I suppose this doesn't interest you like it does us—you've seen it all before. But to me it's so new—it's 'local colour'—I like it. These people—" She let her eyes wander round the café, to rest at last on the three card-players. "I want you to tell me about them," she said. "I want to know who they are and what they do—the people who come here."

He fingered his glass, looking down into the red depth.

"Oh, some of them are waiters," he said, "and some are mechanics—different things. And some are just vagabonds—like myself."

"Yes—yes. . . . And that man with the grey hair?"

"He is an artist—a great artist. He's a wood-carver. He makes beautiful things for other people to sell. I've seen some of them. They are fine. He is very wonderful . . . and he earns seven dollars a week."

She looked at the man again, respectfully, and noticed chiefly that his nails were very dirty.

"And that man next to him—the one who is drinking."

Jephson barely turned his eyes.

"That man? He is one of the finest philosophers I ever met. He is strong—great! I've heard him say things—if I were to tell you—" He broke off abruptly. "He is a very great man," he said.

"What does he do?"

"He? He's a tailor."

"Oh!" she said.

His mouth curved curiously. "You think that's strange? It's not romantic, is it? But still—there are queerer things. And that other one—he's a locksmith."

"You know them all by sight, these people?"

"I used to come here a good deal, once," he said, "about a year ago."

"They are very interesting."

"Oh, yes," he said, and was silent, moving the glass to and fro between his slim artist's fingers. From the street above this little basement room they could hear vaguely the roar of the elevated railway, the rumble of traffic; a woven murmur of the city's wakefulness. The other couple at the table chattered gaily, clinked glasses and laughed, their minds already back in their own world. "Pardon," he said at last, rousing. "I am stupid to-night. It's the place. I shouldn't have brought you. You must forgive me."

She looked at him with soft, kindly eyes

"Yes—yes," she said. "It comes back—all that. But you were strong, you have made your way through. You can look back now, and it doesn't matter."

"It isn't—just that," he said. "It's—I don't know just how to tell you, but when I come here among these people again I am different. I—" He seemed to grope a little, his restless fingers playing still with the half-empty glass before him. "I wish I could explain to you," he said, "but I can't. Only when I am here I feel differently—I see differently. To come here, straight from the other kind. . . . Because these people—they are strong. They have lived and felt, they have hold of life with both hands; they are right down close to it. And they know—they know everything. They have touched bottom, some of them." He paused a moment. "They—if I could tell you some things! Do you know when I came here first—it was a winter night, and I was very poor. I was starving. And they were good to me—very good. They didn't ask questions—they knew—I was one of themselves. Fellow-kindness . . . we don't know what it is, in the other world, but here—here one gets it, one touches it. And for a long while, because I had a pretty hard time then. Life! They have hold of it, every minute, as we never have. We don't even touch it. But here—I tell you, these are the people who are strong; who can do things—"

"But you," she said quickly—"you do things, too. You are great. Look where you stand, what you have done! You've been through it all, and you've fought and won, and . . . I think you are splendid," she finished. She looked at him wonderingly, this man who had half the art-world at his feet, who in one short month had risen like a star out of obscurity. For the moment he was no longer Jephson the sculptor, the temporary lion of her own admiring world; his face was the face of a stranger, and she felt a helplessness before it. He was new to her; he had never looked like that before. "You have risen," she went on. "You have outgrown them, because you were strong—you were bound to! You have come into your kingdom."

"Yes," he said.

His eyes turned from her to the men who were playing cards and who had studiously avoided looking at him, with a fine instinct that could have put his own manners to shame; the tailor and the locksmith and the carver in wood. Their voices came in swift rhythm across the tobacco-hazed room; they leaned over the table and put their cards down—one, two, three—one, two, three—monotonously.

"You are famous," she went on. "And you only owe it to yourself. That's what's so splendid! And you can help them now, as they helped you."

He turned and smiled at her.

"Let me give you some more wine," he said.

A man who had just entered and seated himself beckoned to the little waitress, and she rose, putting down her sewing, and went across to him. She walked with a lagging, ungraceful step. As she came back her eyes for a second met Jephson's furtively, then dropped. She made a détour to avoid their table.

"Did you see what a queer look that little waitress gave you?"

"What?" said Jephson. "No—I beg your pardon!"

Mrs. Mason turned. "We are having a bet," she announced cheerfully. "I say that Willie Lindley's new automobile won't make that run in a minute under Jim's, last Sunday. I'm going along when he tries it, and we'll see."

The talk became general. "To Bohemia!" cried the other man presently, and they touched glasses across the dingy tablecloth. "To Bohemia and it's cicerone—the delightful and conceited Jephson!"

"You are coming on to the Warreners?" said his companion, as he helped her on with her cloak.

"I don't know. . . ." He fastened the soft fur, out of which her face looked at him wistfully. "I am stupid to-night—I told you. I've bored you. I'm so sorry."

"The Warreners?" said Mrs. Mason. "Of course he's coming! If we don't bring him along we'll all get thrown out."

Jephson looked at the girl, and their eyes met. "Oh, yes," he said. "Yes, I'm coming."

They passed out, with a rustle of soft skirts, a waft of violets on the tobacco-laden air, and the little café, robbed of their gay chatter, relapsed into everyday quiet. The men at the table played on monotonously. Sometimes they argued. Outside the rumble of the elevated road shook the street, brought at intervals its sound of iron conflict to this small basement haunt. Later, the proprietor moved about yawningly, putting out the gas.

In the darkness, the little waitress bent her head on the table, her fingers clutching the unfinished handkerchief, her thin shoulders contorted piteously.

"I hate him!" she sobbed in her own tongue. "I hate him!—I hate him!"

THE END.

HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MISS LILY ELSIE.

MISS GABRIELLE RAY.

MISS ZENA DARE.

MISS GRACE PINDER.

"THE LITTLE CHERUB," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S: THE FOUR CONGRESS GIRLS INDULGE IN A SWIM ON DRY LAND.

Photograph by the Play Pictorial.

THIS is a week of interesting anniversaries. Pride of place belongs to "The Only Way," which on Friday will celebrate the eighth anniversary of its production, an event which will be made the occasion of the distribution of souvenirs to the audience at the Kennington Theatre. On the same evening, "The Harlequin King," at the Imperial, will complete its fiftieth, and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Adelphi, its hundredth performance, when Mr. Otho Stuart will give silver souvenir match-boxes to the audience, while to-morrow evening "The Scarlet Pimpernel" will register its three hundred and fiftieth representation.

To-night has been fixed by Mr. Frank Curzon for the production of Mr. Michael Morton's farce, "The Little Stranger," which had a preliminary trial at the Theatre Royal, Canterbury, last week. The cast contains the names of several well-known actors, notably Mr. Graham Browne, Mr. Frederick Volpé, Mr. Charles Allan, Mr. John Beauchamp, and Mr. James Carew (who has seemingly come to the happy determination to remain in England instead of going back to the United States), Miss Audrey Ford, and Miss Sydney Fairbrother. For Master Edward Garrett, who plays the baby, and is a newcomer to the West End, the happiest prophecies have been made, and it is hoped that events will justify them.

The admirers of Miss Lena Ashwell, who have, since the withdrawal of "Leah Kleschna," been denied the opportunity of seeing her act, are certain to gather in great force at the Æolian Hall to-morrow afternoon, when she will give over a dozen recitations at a concert in which she will be associated with several well-known instrumentalists and with Miss Cicely Gleeson White as the soloist. Among Miss Ashwell's selections will be a poem, "One Was My Beloved," by Carmen Sylva, several Elizabethan lyrics, a strong poem by Henry Kingsley, and, among others, Edgar Allan Poe's wonderful poem "The Bells," which in the mouth of so imaginative an artist as Miss Ashwell should create a great effect on the audience. Some of the recitations will be given with a musical accompaniment by Mr. Stanley Hawley.

On a date to be definitely decided next week—though, if present intentions hold, it will probably be on Tuesday—Mr. John Hare will make his ever-welcome London reappearance in a new play by Captain Robert Marshall, to which the title "The Alabaster Staircase" has just been given. Mr. Hare's part is that of the Prime Minister of England, a character which has figured in two other plays produced within the last few years. One of these was "Pilkerton's Peerage," in which the part was played by Mr. Edmund Maurice, and the other, "Honor," when it was sustained by Mr. J. D.

Beveridge. Among the company which will be associated with Mr. Hare are Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Sybil Carlisle, and Miss Granville; Mr. Leslie Faber, Mr. Arthur Playfair, and Mr. A. E. Mathews. The locale of the play is in Grosvenor Square, a fact which in itself is quite sufficient to preclude the possibility of identifying the leading part with a certain distinguished statesman who lives not far away.

In view of the great interest being taken in political affairs at the moment, Sir Charles Wyndham has decided to revive Mr. Justin McCarthy's comedy, "The Candidate," which was originally acted at the Criterion, though it will not supersede "Captain Drew on Leave," which is still drawing large houses. Mr. Bouchier might, for a similar reason, inaugurate some matinées of Mr. Anthony Hope's Prime Ministerial play.

The people who are always looking for coincidences cannot help being struck by the fact that the first London production of both Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude, after they became

independent managers, failed to achieve that measure of success which their well-wishers could have desired. "The Superior Miss Pellender" will be withdrawn from the Waldorf after Friday evening's performance, and on Saturday Mr. Maude will revive "She Stoops to Conquer," in which he will play Old Hardcastle, with Miss Emery as Miss Hardcastle, Mrs. Charles Calvert as Mrs. Hardcastle, Miss Beatrice Ferrar as Miss Neville, Mr. Paul Arthur as Young Marlow, Mr. G. M. Graham as Hastings, and Mr. Sydney Brough as Tony Lumpkin. Tony Lumpkin may almost be said to have come to Mr. Brough as a direct inheritance, for in it his father, Mr. Lionel Brough, made one of the greatest successes of his career, playing it several hundred times.

Mr. Paul Arthur's engagement by Mr. Maude not only pleasantly fills the place unfortunately made vacant by the illness of Mr. Boyle, but associates the two actors once again in old comedy, for it will be remembered that Mr. Arthur took a prominent part in the old comedy revivals at the Haymarket.

Meantime, the present preparations for the revival of "The Heir at Law" have, of necessity, had to be postponed.

Immediately following the success of "Nero," and stimulated, no

doubt, by its successful production in Germany, where the name of Stephen Phillips is now one to conjure with, there were rumours that "The Sin of David" was to be produced at the West End for a series of matinées, with Miss Constance Collier and Mr. H. B. Irving in the two leading parts. Circumstances into which it is needless to enter have conspired to cause this interesting arrangement to be postponed for the present, but only to be postponed, for the play is certain to be produced later on. Readers of *The Sketch* may remember that this is the play which was to have been produced by Mr. Willard during his season at the St. James's Theatre.

Meantime, freed from the necessity of studying this play, Miss Collier will be able to devote all her time to Lady Macbeth, which she will play when Mr. Tree stages "Macbeth"—his next Shaksperian production.

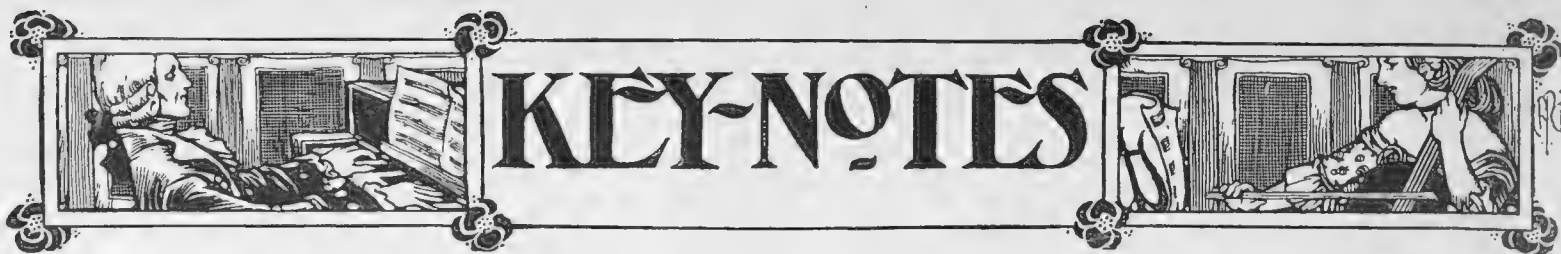


MISS MADGE TEMPLE, WHO IS PLAYING BETTINA IN "LA MASCOTTE," AT THE COLISEUM.



MISS KATE CUTLER AND "LITTLE WILLIE" AS THE HEROINE AND MARY'S LITTLE LAMB, AT THE PALACE.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.



AN extremely interesting number of the *Musical Times*, just issued, contains a facsimile copy of "God is our Refuge," the motet written by Mozart when he was eight years old. The manuscript was written for the purpose of presentation to the British Museum during the period when the composer, as quite a small child, visited and astonished England. He has himself signed the manuscript as being "By Mr. Wolfgang Mozart, 1765." It was natural that the greatest musical genius, unless one excepts John Sebastian Bach, who ever lived, should have had the quite justifiable audacity of calling himself "Mr. Mozart" in his ninth year. Of course, there are many anecdotes concerning this visit which have been handed down to these times. For example, there is the story of the quiet composition of a great symphony during his father's illness at Ebury Street; there are also the advertisements which that same father, a splendid impresario if ever there was one, issued to the general public, begging ladies and gentlemen to hear "The Sonata composed by this boy and dedicated to Her Majesty (price 10s. 6d.)"—the grammar is here somewhat doubtful—"will find the family at home every day in the week from twelve to two o'clock, and have an Opportunity of putting his Talents to a more particular proof by giving him any Thing to play at sight."

Continuing the same subject, one may note how magnificent an advertiser was Leopold Mozart by the manner in which he deliberately exhibited the talents both of his son and daughter. As is suggested,

Barnum himself could scarcely have improved upon this particular advertisement. It runs, in abbreviated form, in this manner. "The greatest prodigy that Europe, or that even human Nature has to boast of is, without contradiction, the little German boy, Wolfgang Mozart. . . The father of this Miracle being obliged, by desire of several ladies and gentlemen, to postpone for a very short time his departure from England, will give an opportunity to hear this little composer and his sister, whose musical Knowledge wants no apology." There is a delightful touch also in a later sentence, which announces that Mozart would perform every day in the week from twelve to three o'clock at the Swan and



FROM MINOR TO WEST-END MUSIC-HALL.
MR. HERBERT CLIFTON, WHO IS MIMICKING ACTRESSES
AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Mr. Clifton, who is still in his teens, was "discovered" by the manager of the Alhambra, who heard him at a minor music-hall, gave him a rehearsal, and secured his services for a period of years. He mimics the Misses Evie Greene, Gertie Millar, Madge Lessing, Isabel Jay, Edna May, Gabrielle Ray, and other leading artistes in musical comedy.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

Hoop, Cornhill. It is wonderful that even this sort of exploiting of Mozart's immense and wide-reaching genius did not have any effect upon his most lonely art, to which he sacrificed every hour of his life, and finally his whole life, at far too early a date. Thus the life of Mozart teaches one how the comedy of one's ancestors may culminate in the tragedy of their posterity.

M. Achille Rivarde will give a violin recital at the Queen's Hall to-morrow, and he will be assisted by the London Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Arbos being the conductor. M. Rivarde makes far too few public appearances, and there is no doubt that his playing on this occasion will arouse considerable interest. He is quite in the first rank of violinists of to-day, yet he seems to have some hesitation in expounding his natural gifts to the public, preferring, it would seem, to study a select and artistic coterie who understand his methods rather than seek the arena of tumultuous applause.

As we are on the subject of violinists, one may suggest that young Kubelik has different views from M. Rivarde as to the subject of publicity. It is announced on perfectly credible authority that Kubelik has recently insured, not his life or his property, but simply his fingers at an enormous rate. One of his fingers, for example, is protected by the sum of no less than ten thousand pounds; the whole of one hand has been insured, also, for twenty thousand pounds. One may, in noting the proportions of the two sums, repeat Lord Clive's famous phrase when walking through the treasuries of Surajah Dowlah, "I stand amazed at my own moderation." Nevertheless, we may trust that the insurance companies may be much benefited by Kubelik's precaution, and that the public at large may equally be benefited, inasmuch as everybody will hope that he will lose neither a finger nor one hand.

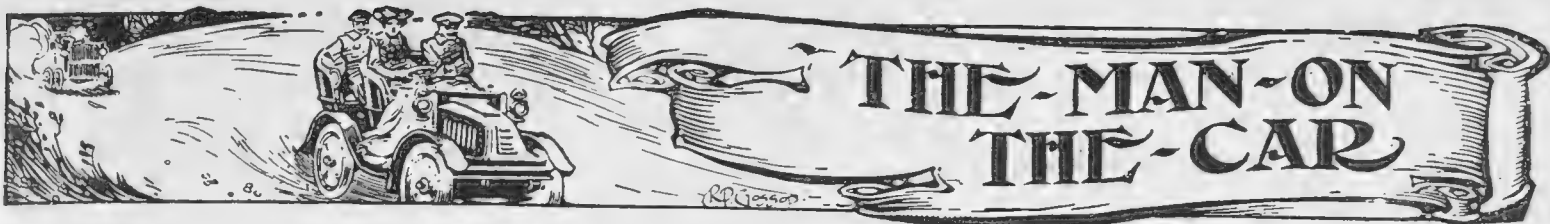


MR. FREDERIC LAMOND, WHO WILL GIVE
A CHOPIN RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN
HALL ON SATURDAY NEXT.

Mr. Lamond was born in Glasgow in 1868, studied harmony and the piano under his elder brother David, violin and oboe under the late Henry Cooper, and oboe under Mr. Packer. Later, he went to Frankfurt, and became a pupil of Max Schwarz and Anton Wipprich. He appeared for the first time in Great Britain at a recital in Glasgow in 1886. He lives in Berlin.

One of the most remarkable musical incidents that have happened during the past week has been the performance at the Queen's Hall, under Mr. Henry Wood, of Strauss's "Don Quixote." Of course, Strauss is such a disturbing element in music that it is not to be expected that every critic will take precisely the same point of view concerning his work. For the present writer's own part, however, it seems that only one view will ultimately be possible. It is all very well for the pundits among critics to assure the public with calm suavity that Strauss's music is impossible, that he violates all the laws of harmony, that his musical tendencies are completely vicious; but one would like to ask these very learned persons why it is that some of us who have been in the world of music for many years are so overcome by and so interested in this music that, without any pose whatever, it shakes one just as Tchaikowsky at his best shook one some years ago. Tchaikowsky has now become a classic; but we do not pretend to say that he made such an attack upon the academic forces of music as Richard Strauss is doing at the present moment. Strauss's point of view is surely right: Having accomplished every possible or minute element in the purely technical side of music, it is astonishing to find that in some quarters he has been described as ignorant. The point is that on account of his accomplishment he attempts to make a further step onwards, and to develop music through the progress of his own career. One might just as well call an Arctic explorer ignorant because he desires to reach the North Pole. At any rate, this much must be recorded, that Mr. Henry Wood, after giving enormous labour to the rehearsals of this magnificent tone-poem, gave a performance of it which, to the present writer's mind, was as unsurpassable as it was luminous in the explanation of the beauty, the humour, the tenderness, and the grandeur of the art of Richard Strauss.

COMMON CHORD.



CARE AND CONDUCT OF PNEUMATIC TYRES—THE CAUSES OF DETERIORATION—EASY CAR-PURCHASE—YARDS PER SECOND, NOT MILES PER HOUR—TO DIM THE GLARE—ST. ANDREW'S AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION'S ARGYLL—THE TYRE TRIALS: THEIR VALUE—POLICE TRAP MOTOR-BUSES.

WHETHER a car-owner is his own driver or not, it will pay him to study the question of pneumatic tyres and read the best opinions upon their care and use. If he is to keep his tyre bill down, he should be acquainted with the causes of deterioration, the proper degree of inflation, the alignment of the wheels, the lubrication of the tyres—not with oil, by the way—the best method of repairing, carriage, and storage. Such advice to be profitable must proceed from experts of long standing, and the valuable counsel of such men may be found in the latest pamphlet issued by the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, of 14, Regent Street, and despatched to anyone in response to a postcard.

To take a few hints at random from what is really quite an interesting little work, I find that the chief causes of the deterioration of tyres are set down as insufficient inflation, imperfect alignment of wheels, exposure to dry heat, the incursion of moisture, contact with oil or grease, prolonged caking with dry mud, and contact with rusty rims. Using tyres too soon after manufacture or repair is inimical to their durability, and therefore it is advisable to obtain tyres from firms whose financial standing is such that they can afford to hold back the tyres they manufacture for the proper maturing period.

Would-be motorists who, though quite able to afford the purchase and up-keep of a motor-car, find it inconvenient to put the initial capital down in one lump sum will, if they fancy a car on the lines of the two-cylinder (opposed) 8-h.p. Maxwell, find that the F. W. Peckham Motor Syndicate, Limited, of 40 and 41, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, have an easy, simple, and unique system of payment, which is not the hire system, for those desiring a Maxwell car.

Motor-racing speeds have now arrived at such a point that the mere statement of the rate of progression in miles per hour does not serve by any manner of means to convey an idea of the pace so characterised.

Take, for instance, the 28 1-5 sec. mile by the Stanley steam-car on Florida Beach, which is given as 127 1/2 miles per hour. The mind of the man in the street can grasp the notion of speeds from four miles an hour, his walking pace, up to say sixty and sixty-five, the highest speed at which he has ever travelled on the railroad; but 127 1/2 miles per hour creates as much impression upon him as the figures of stellar distances, so that I think the time has come to drop the miles-per-hour comparisons and quote yards per second. If in speaking of the Stanley record you say that for a mile the car travelled at a speed of 62 1/2 yards per second, your man can step out that distance, look at it and realise that the car covered it while he could count two.

The Motor Union is very wisely and opportunely taking action in the matter of the undue glare of powerful acetylene and other motor-car lamps.

It is thought that automobilists as a whole would be glad if some effort were made to meet the complaints of the road-using public. The lamp-trials about to be held by the Automobile Club would seem to offer lamp-makers an opportunity of showing what they can do (1) to meet the automobilist's requirements for a far-flung light, and (2) the public's objection to a dazzling glare at the same time. The Motor Union have offered a special prize of ten guineas for the lamp which of all those submitted for that competition best meets the two above-named conditions.

It is only reasonable that motor-propelled ambulances should very shortly displace the horse-drawn variety. When one reflects how much depends upon the early arrival of an ambulance upon the scene of some terrible accident and the pressing necessity of transporting the injured to where the best medical science and skill can be at their disposal with the least possible delay, it seems almost criminal to retain hand-propelled or horse-drawn ambulances. For some time past the Council of the St. Andrew's Ambulance Association in Glasgow have felt that the modern method of road locomotion must be pressed into the service of mercy, and have therefore placed an order for a 16-20 h.p. Argyll chassis, carrying a specially designed body.

As I have already intimated, the tyre trials (5,000 miles) will commence on the 26th inst. At the moment of writing the entries have not closed, and no list of competitors has been issued; but I learn incidentally that the entry up to date is very satisfactory, and that the issue of the trials is certain to be of the greatest value to the public. The information and instruction which will accrue will, in my opinion, demonstrate that tyres are by no means such money-gobbling accessories as they are frequently made out to be.

Prejudice and ignorance are resolved to congest the traffic of our London streets to the uttermost. Not having sufficient to occupy them in the repression of genuine crime and misdemeanour, the metropolitan police are now engaged in setting traps for motor-buses, because in broad open stretches of suburban roads they may, and occasionally do, exceed the very sauntering speed of twelve miles per hour to which they are restricted by an ill-considered and already obsolete statute. The public want more speedy conveyance and transport, and that is shown by the way in which the motor-buses fill, while many of the old variety now accommodate a few nervous old ladies at most.



MOTORING ON THE "RADICAL ROAD": MR. JARROTT SKIRTING THE SALISBURY CRAGS, EDINBURGH, ON A 22-H.P. CROSSLEY, CARRYING SIX PASSENGERS.

On arriving in Edinburgh, after his London to Edinburgh non-stop run, Mr. Jarrott attempted the ascent of Salisbury Crags. Speaking of the feat, the *Scotsman* says: "The path—for it is little more—which skirts the base of the Salisbury Crags and is known as the 'Radical Road,' is about the last road in the vicinity of Edinburgh where one would expect to encounter a motor-car, but Mr. Charles Jarrott, the well-known motorist, yesterday afternoon accomplished the feat of driving his car to the highest point of the road, turning, and bringing it back again in perfect safety." The gradient approaches one in four in places, and Mr. Jarrott's motor-car is believed to be the first vehicle that has traversed the "Radical Road."—[Photograph by Webster.]



A MOTOR-CAR THAT HAS COVERED A MILE IN 28 1-5 SECONDS: MR. MARRIOTT'S STEAM-PROPELLED STANLEY.

The extraordinary record above noted was made a week or two ago on Ormond Beach, Florida, and the time for the mile is undoubtedly the fastest ever made by a machine. Both Mr. Stanley, who built the car, and Mr. Marriott, who owns it, are Americans. Speaking of the race, Mr. Marriott declared that, despite the thickness of his glasses, the rush of wind caused him considerable pain.—[Photograph by the Topical Agency.]

public want more speedy conveyance and transport, and that is shown by the way in which the motor-buses fill, while many of the old variety now accommodate a few nervous old ladies at most.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE FUTURE—RACING CHANGES—PERSONALITIES—CLERKS.

THE flat-racing season opens on March 26 this year, and I for one am very glad that the Boat Race does not take place until April 7, as the first week of the flat is a feast in itself. Few readers of sport are aware that in the old days special reporters who did the Grand National on the Friday used to hurry off to Putney to be in time for the Boat Race next morning; then after the water carnival they made tracks for Kennington Oval to see the final for the Football Cup. Further, the same police did duty at the Boat Race and the football match, which may account for some of the rough play by the crowd at the latter function at times. But to the coming flat: the Lincoln Handicap will, after all, be a good betting race, and it should prove a capital contest, as there is nothing of extra quality engaged. I have heard rosy accounts of Dumbarton Castle, who is trained on the healthy Wiltshire Downs at Netheravon. Those who saw this horse lob home for the Stewards' Cup ahead of Nabot are not likely to let him run loose, although the straight mile on the Carholme may be a little beyond his tether. Galantine, trained by C. Archer, is a quiet tip with the talent, and Chelys is fancied. The Grand National will be the race of the spring. Last year's winner, Kirkland, is my special fancy, and I do not, at least, up till now, see what is to beat him if Mason has the mount. Buffalo Bill is fancied for a place, so is Buckaway II. However, there is lots of time yet to think out the situation. With a run I should stand Ypsilanti for the Liverpool Spring Cup, with Falconet the danger. I have had a big tip for Stephanas for the Great Metropolitan. He is a beautiful horse to look at, but has a pain in his temper; he is well in the race with 7 st. 7 lb. only to carry. St. Amant, 9 st. 4 lb., would, I think, win the City and Suburban easily, and I do hope that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild will start his champion at Epsom, to allow the crowd to see a really good horse.

Anyone in the habit of visiting the club enclosures at our principal race meetings regularly will have noticed the change that has come over the scene of late years. A decade back the members of our old nobility were often to be seen tilting at the Ring; now the case is altered to a very great extent. True, Lord Lurgan, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Marcus Beresford, Sir Charles Hartopp, Lord Dalmeny, and a few more titled gentlemen back their fancies, but the great bulk of the speculation is carried on by men who have made money either out of trade or finance. At any rate, at meetings under National Hunt rules, the bookmakers get their patronage from good business men like Sir H. Randall, whose money came from leather; Mr. Stedall, of mantle fame; Mr. Bonas, the diamond king; Mr. Bottomley, the financial specialist; the South African magnates, Messrs. Sol and J. Joel; Messrs. Cohen, Mr. Morrison, and many others. Then we have the Stage represented by Mr. George Edwardes and Mr. G. P. Huntley, and the sewing-machine interest by the brothers Singer. No end of brewers run horses under the winter rules, but the brothers Walker are not heavy betters, although they are really good sportsmen. The distillery is ably represented by Mr. James

Buchanan, who, I regret to learn, broke his arm last week. Mr. Buchanan is a rare lover of the horse; he has brought about a revolution in the breed of van-horses during the last twenty years, and it is now possible to sell a pair of well-matched vanners for £250, whereas thirty years back £100 would have been the price. In alluding to the change that has come over racing, it is necessary to enlarge on the fact that the Ring is hardly likely to do so well out of men who are playing with their own hard-earned money as it is by the aid of giddy young ne'er-do-wells who inherit their thousands and forthwith proceed to give them a run. Taken all round, the Turf is in a far healthier position to-day than it was in the Hastings era, and this is due in a measure to the large number of business-men who take a lively interest in the sport of kings.



HUNTING NOTIONS: IN FULL CRY.

Drawn by Alfred Leete.

I think clerks of courses are very able men who get little or no recognition at the hands of race-goers. Their duties are arduous, and they have a lot to put up with in dealing with crotchety people. Yet they are seldom praised, but are often blamed when anything goes wrong with the works. Of those licensed for the present season, Mr. Hwfa Williams, the clerk of the course at Sandown, is well known in the best society. Mr. W. Bevill, who holds the reins at Kempton, was for years an amateur rider. He was the only amateur to ride in the Derby until Mr. Thursby had the mount on John o' Gaunt. A bookmaker once laid Mr. Bevill £20,000 to a silk hat that he would

not ride the winner of the Derby in twenty years. He didn't. Mr. Bevill, as an owner, won the City and Suburban twice, the last time with Merry Duchess. Mr. W. Scarth Dixon, who acts as clerk of the course at a North Country meeting, is the "British Yeoman" of the *Sporting Times*, and a jolly good fellow to boot. Mr. F. H. Cathcart is a member of the firm of Pratt and Co. He is one of the most enterprising of the younger officials. Another member of the firm who acts as clerk of the course is Mr. John Pratt, who was originally a clerk in Messrs. Weatherby's office, and, strange to relate, he assisted in the starting of the Sandown meeting. Mr. G. Verrall and Mr. A. G. Verrall are also connected with the firm. Mr. G. Verrall, it will be noted, was the defeated Conservative candidate at the recent Newmarket election. Mr. H. M. Dorling, who presides at Epsom and Brighton, is a wholesale stationer in the City. Mr. W. F. Dundas, who acts as C.C. at Goodwood, is a younger brother of the Marquess of Zetland; and Mr. Hugh Owen, who acts at Hurst Park, is one of the official starters to the Jockey Club. Messrs. C. and C. G. Frail, who so ably preside at Manchester, Haydock, and Windsor, are grandsons of the John Frail who acted as "Dizzy's" election agent; and Mr. W. J. Ford, who is ably assisted by his sons, Willie, John, and Stanley, is himself the son of the founder of the Lincoln Handicap. Mr. Miles l'Anson, of Doncaster fame, is the brother of William and Robert. Until recently he owned the Blink Bonny Stud Farm, now the property of Sir J. Thursby.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WHEN a really smart play opens its doors to a receptive public in the early spring, the occasion is in a double sense one of note for fair femininity. As in the present case of Pinero's masterpiece at the St. James's, where the frocks are in a manner as good to look at as the play is to hear, there is a double sense of enjoyment to be obtained from a visit. What woman does not wish to know what the spring will bring forth in frocks, for instance? And though no extreme departures are noticeable in the gowns worn by Miss Irene

Vanbrugh or Miss Chevalier, it is certain that the scenes of "His House in Order" express all that is best and newest in present modes. A charming little pastel-blue cloth with a twist of tangerine velvet at the neck, and a dainty blouse of mousseline-de-soie, also of the same soft blue, are evidences of this.

The evening gowns arrest attention at once. The first is ivory satin, with an over-dress of delicate lace, a high belt embroidered with roses, and a cluster of bright damask roses in the bodice. One hardly likes to proclaim in which Miss Vanbrugh looks better—this or the rather *eclatant* rose-pink chiffon, lavishly embroidered in blossoms to match, which strikes so vivid a note in the third scene. A delicious little frock of soft grey striped chiffon over white silk will be admired and doubtless copied by many. The skirt flows gracefully, and is set forth with Vandyked ruffles in a style simple but effective. Miss Chevalier makes a very gorgeous French governess in her vivid blue satin, adorned with Pompadour stripes and lozenges of black velvet, and one argues at once that her "allowance" must be on a more generous scale than that usually attributed to the harassed "Mademoiselle" of this workaday world.

From Paris one hears that large corsage bouquets will be a universal fashion this spring. Those whose

income does not run to real flowers are wearing the inimitable imitations which only Parisian fingers can evolve, scented with the appropriate perfume of the flower represented. There somehow seems a lack of taste in wearing artificial roses *en plein air*, even if concocted in silk and velvet instead of cotton; but violets or lilies-of-the-valley, wonderfully imitated as they are, seem less out of place. After all, it is only a prejudice, one supposes. If in the hat, why not on the bodice? But one's feeling is somehow against the notion.

Ladies "of an age" and inclining to embonpoint can receive a useful object-lesson at the Waldorf just now, where, in "The Superior Miss Pellender," Miss Winifred Emery so gracefully fills her first

matronly rôle. Her three frocks—green in the first act, brown in the next, blue in the third—are constructed in such flowing lines as to command even the admiration of Mrs. Pellender's troublesome family.

Someone of chronicling industry, at wits' ends for a new title for an old colour, has invented the phrase "Mediterranean blue" as a good spring disguise for our old friend sapphire. But, as a matter of fact, our fondly remembered Mediterranean has as many tones as

a chime of bells. It can be grey and grave, lively and liquid green, severe or silvery blue, together with as many shades of peacock as we can find in that vain fowl's breast-feathers; so "Mediterranean blue," however phonetically pleasant, fails descriptively, I fear, in giving to the mind's eye a precise picture of one exact shade of colour. Another delicious description of a spring *chapeau* is conveyed in the sentence, "There was a hat almost the shade of a smoke-grey cat, on which a bird was preening his glorious plumage of green and brown." Who after this can say that ribbon and feathers are incapable of evoking poetry, not to say grammar? The vision of that bird and smoke-grey-cat-like hat will remain long after the originals have found the final limbo of all cast-off millinery.

One of our Illustrations this week depicts a very diaphanous lace over-dress in the Empire style, which, as the early Victorian novelists used to write, "suggests rather than conceals" the lovely outlines beneath. A distinctly graceful style, and with nothing of the Nonconformist conscience about it. In excellent contrast is the sporting tailor-made of pale putty-coloured cloth, banded and collared with mauve velvet as to its *chic* cut-away jacket, a mauve hat wreathed in mauve and purple roses with flaunting



[Copyright]

A TAILOR-MADE IN PALE PUTTY-COLOURED CLOTH.

paradise plumes completing all. Skilful touches of embroidery on lapels and cuffs add satisfactorily to a very becoming whole; and one can imagine this lady flaunting on that wonderful white sun-soaked Terrasse at Monte Carlo with the successful air of a winner at *trente et quarante*, for assuredly such a smart little frock could not by any possibility belong to the checkmated contingent.

I was in court this week when Mrs. Shelley's battered hats and crushed chiffons were ruefully exhibited to a sympathetic jury. An American friend declared herself "tickled to death" by the various emotions betrayed by many various faces. It was certainly an effort to strangle laughter. But, joking apart, the vexed question of whether a tenant may consider the "locked room" his or not his

will certainly be settled definitely by this test case, and as it is a constantly recurring argument in furnished lettings, the case has been heard with widespread interest by a very large proportion of the house-letting community.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALCIDE (Paris).—You can order any design or shape in Irish point lace from the various convents in Ireland where it is made. Youghal, Kilkenny and Carlow are the only three I know of. The former is most celebrated. For Limerick lace you go

to its name-place; Carrickmacross the same; and Irish crochet—or Point d'Irlande, as you incorrectly call it in Paris, for it is not point—can be obtained anywhere. No trouble.

T. O.—I really do not know of a thoroughly trustworthy tailor whose prices are "moderate." Those whom one would confidently recommend all charge ten guineas and upwards. Of these I can give you a list. The "little tailor" who advertises frocks at four and six guineas usually has three failures to one success. So sorry I cannot be more encouraging. SYBIL.



The Silver Match-Box Souvenir to be Presented to the Audience at the Adelphi on the 10th Performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" on Friday next.

If details given in one of the most reputable of American journals can be relied on, there are certain Russian Majors who must be sorry that they ever decided to enter the Army. Of the culinary arrangements in vogue at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, we learn: "Every dish that is prepared for the Imperial table must first be partaken of by a Major of the Army; the food is then placed in a closed shaft, which the Major also enters, and it then ascends to the dining-room of the Czar, where the Major again partakes of it, and no ill effects ensuing, it is then served to the Imperial household." "No ill effects ensuing" is delightful. The head chef, it seems, takes rank as a General in the Army, doubtless that he may have fitting authority over the food-tasting Majors, and the 300 chefs, under-chefs and others who make up the kitchen staff. The dining-room in which most of the Imperial meals are served is, we are assured, armoured with cast iron, and kept sealed except at meal times.

The most interesting engagement of the week is that which will unite the houses of the High Commissioner for South Africa and the Governor-General of Canada. Lady Mabel Laura Georgina Palmer, the bride-elect, is the only daughter of Lord Selborne, is twenty-one, and is a granddaughter of the late Lord Salisbury. Her brother, Viscount Wolmer, is three years her junior. The bridegroom-elect, Viscount Howick, son and heir of Earl Grey, is twenty-six, and is at present acting as assistant secretary to his fiancée's father. He has served in the 1st Life Guards and in the Northumberland Imperial Yeomanry.

The death of Countess Howe deprived the King and Queen of a personal friend and Society in general of one of its most brilliant members, a charming and natural personality. Before her marriage to the fourth Earl Howe, the Countess was Lady Georgiana Elizabeth Spencer Churchill, sister of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, and, as befitted her family and her generation, she was perfectly at home on the public platform and in enterprises needing organisation. As Chairman of the Committee of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals during the South African War, she did valuable service.

A very interesting performance is to be given at the Haymarket Theatre to-morrow afternoon by the kindness of Mr. Frederick Harrison. The entertainment, which is in aid of the funds of the Union Jack Club, will be under the immediate patronage of Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) and the Duchess of Albany, the latter of whom will be accompanied by Prince Alexander of Teck. The programme will consist of "The Tyranny of Tears," which will be acted by a company of amateurs, while several of the most charming and accomplished professional actresses on the stage will sell programmes.

It is a hustling age; even that venerable and leisurely body, the French Academy, has felt its influence. It has installed the telephone—a thing that never was before. Some day they will adopt, perhaps, lifts and a boot-blackening establishment. You never know where such matters end when once you import the microbe of innovation. Having a telephone, the Institute (which signifies the ensemble of the five Academies) has, naturally, its telephone girl, who attends especially to its calls at the exchange. A pretty blonde with a soft, sweet voice has been chosen from the *personnel* of the central office to answer the Academic "hello!" Her comrades are horribly jealous of this favoured young person, who is destined to hear the resonant accents of the distinguished Forty. The tempers of these subscribers should be extremely sweet, even if they cannot get communication at once, for "immortality" gives you plenty of time to burn. Moreover, the *demoiselle du téléphone* knows her business. She is devoting her spare time to reading the works of the Immortals, so that when they are really cross, at being kept waiting, she can sweetly inquire when their new book is coming out.

The "Boz" Club, under the chairmanship of Lord Robertson, enjoyed an excellent dinner at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, on Wednesday of last week. The King, by the way, has been pleased to grant to the Hôtel Métropole and the Whitehall Rooms, London, a warrant of appointment as caterers to His Majesty.

Messrs. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth have a pleasant surprise in store for all lady visitors to the next Covent Garden Ball, which takes place this evening (Wednesday), St. Valentine's Day. To each of these will then be presented an exceedingly handsome gift in the shape of an ostrich-feather fan.

The Gramophone Company recently gave a concert at the Savoy Hotel, for the purpose of introducing Patti records to the public. The function was a great success. Nothing seemed to be wanting in the timbre of the human voice as reproduced by the gramophone, and it required little imagination to believe that the famous singer herself was rendering the songs. Madame Patti was long averse from singing to the instrument making the records, but eventually she was persuaded to do so, and the results pleased her so much that she consented to increase the number of songs in the selection to fourteen. Amongst the pieces given on the occasion of the concert were "Home, Sweet Home" and "Coming Thro' the Rye."

Philatelists, young or old, amateur or professional, should certainly invest in "The Stamp Collector's Annual and Year-Book of Philately."

It is edited by the well-known philatelist, Mr. Percy C. Bishop, and published at the price of one shilling by Messrs. Charles Nissen and Co., 7, Southampton Row, W.C. The contents of the annual include various interesting articles by experts, a catalogue and guide to values of the King's-head stamps of the British Colonies, a directory and guide to philatelic societies and exchange clubs, and details of a prize competition which is to remain open until Oct. 15.

Mr. Austin Brereton, the well-known man of letters, who was one of Sir Henry Irving's personal friends, has just issued through Messrs. Anthony Treherne, a booklet on the great actor. The work, which bears the title "Henry Irving," is interesting from first to last. Its first chapter, which deals with the actor's early life, was passed by Sir Henry a few months before his death, and formed part of an authoritative biography which, had the actor lived, would have been published next autumn.

For the rest, the volume is made up of "Personal Recollections," "Some Reminiscences," "Henry Irving the Actor," "Henry Irving on Tour," "Irving and Westminster Abbey," "His Last Appearances in London," "An American Appreciation," "Canon Duckworth's Tribute," "A Chronological History and Parts Played by Henry Irving." The chronological history gives a complete record of the life of Irving, and this, together with the list of parts he played, shows at a glance the salient points of his long career. The illustrations to "Henry Irving," which is published at a shilling, include a facsimile of a proof of the actor's biographical notes corrected by him.



AN ELEGANT EMPIRE DESIGN.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 20.

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.

FULL of "fat" dividends though they are, prices in the Heavy section of the Home Railway Market fail to make any headway against the dull weight of public indifference to their attractions. This is so much the more remarkable inasmuch as Consols are good, and trade—to judge by reports sent in from all parts of the country—really awaking. Money being dear is not weighing upon the Consol Market, and therefore it cannot have a great deal to do with the dullness of Home Rails. The very briskness in trade centres may, however, be a contributory cause to the apathy with which this market is treated. For the dividend-paying Ordinary stocks of the leading Companies return an average of about 4 per cent. on the money invested, and, with good trade, capitalists can do very much better than this in their own business. It is axiomatic that trade activity throughout the country frequently militates against Stock Exchange animation, for the reason just quoted; and it is usually the House which is the last to feel the good effects of bountiful business throughout the country as a whole. We have already alluded to the fear of the investor that the Liberal-Labour Party may add to the burdens of tax-paying Railway Companies, and that the whips of the Unionists will be as nothing to the scorpions of the Radicals. But after giving due weight to such considerations, we are content to underline our view that the investment Home Railway stocks are all cheap enough to buy at the present prices.

THE PREMIER DIAMOND MINE.

The fall which has taken place in Premiers within the last few months, and the endless contradictory stories which one hears from sources whose information should be reliable make the shares extremely interesting at the present time. Two things are incontestable: in the first place, very heavy selling from somewhere has been going on; and, in the second, people here who are in a position to know have been assuring their most intimate friends that there is nothing the matter. Have you ever seen a favourite laid against as if he were, to use the bookmaker's expression, "a stiff 'un"? They don't often win after such an ordeal, despite the word, and even the money, of the owner and trainer. Premiers appear to us in very much the same perilous position; they have been nobbled, and somebody knows something! The whole thing may be a put-up job, but we can't help believing they will go lower before they recover. We regret that at 14 we bought the deferred with our own money, and recommended other people to do the same; but our information came from the most inside source, and pointed to dividends of £2 a share for 1906 as assured. It may all be true, but the weight of money in the ring makes us doubtful.

FINANCE IN A FIRST CLASS CARRIAGE.

"You should grin and bear them," declared The Broker. They were, of course, discussing Kaffirs. "It's all very fine to laugh at the misfortunes of others," said The Merchant, "but to some of us this fall in Kaffirs is a serious matter." "Hear, hear!" from The Engineer. "The amount of capital invested in South Africans upon which no interest has been paid for the last seven years is appalling," The Banker added. "Suppose," supposed The City Editor, "all that capital to have been in receipt of dividends at the rate of only one per cent. on the money over the period, what a vast sum would have been put into circulation!" The Jobber was working out some figures. "Putting the capital at the low estimate of twenty millions sterling," said he, "interest at one per cent. would mean £200,000 a year, or, say, a million and a half in seven years, allowing for compound interest." "Equivalent to rather more than a halfpenny in the pound income-tax," remarked The Banker. "Is that so? Then two per cent. on my figures, which are extremely moderate ones, would mean over a penny in the pound." "I don't see where all this talk is taking us to," The City Editor observed, although he had himself commenced the discussion. "It's taking us to some hazy haven of bullishness for Kaffirs, like all our talks do," complained The Merchant. "How on earth can one advise his clients to sell *now*?"—and The Broker threw out both hands in an appealing manner.

"He ought to have advised them to get out before," persisted The Merchant.

"I quite agree," quoth The Jobber, with a whimsical look at his confrère.

"Every broker is not gifted with the same light of prophetic reason as is vouchsafed to jobbers," was the cutting retort. "But I admit I have been wrong in advising clients to hang on, though I warned them we should have lumpish Kaffir Markets."

"Which look as though they'd be for ever down," lamented The Merchant.

"The tide will turn some day, I fully anticipate," The Banker said.

"It's the Some Day that bothers us," replied The Broker. "I believe Kaffirs ought to be bought, but, upon my soul, I don't dare put people into them."

"They wouldn't go if you wanted them to," said The Engineer, with a touch of asperity.

"Possibly not," The Broker answered. It was pathetic to notice how his jaunty spirit sank beneath the Kaffir trouble.

"And Rhodesians?"

"Bankets are getting near their true value," said The City Editor.

"As *The Sketch* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* said weeks ago that they would do."

"I never see *The Sketch*," said the untruthful Jobber, "but I've rather enjoyed the *Pall Mall*'s onslaughts at Bankets since I've left that market. They are plucky people who run that paper."

"The City Editor of the *Pall Mall* is the freest and most unfettered of us all on the daily Press," said The City Editor, with something like a sigh. "I only wish that my own people would—"

"No shop," ordered The Jobber illogically. "Now, there are Canadas."

"Where?" asked The City Editor, looking first at the hat-rack, and then under the seat of the carriage.

The Carriage laughed at the childish pantomime.

"Ass!" remarked The Jobber. "Silly Ass! I mean that Canadas are worth attention."

"If you mean selling, I'm with you," The Solicitor spoke for the first time.

"Canadas will go to twice par."

"Might. But it's very doubtful now. The country is doing magnificently, of course; but look at the way the Company piles up fresh capital. Issued at par, too!"

"Regarded as a six-per-cent. stock, the price looks topsey at anywhere near 180," thought The Broker.

"But the Company might pay seven," suggested The Banker; "although I agree that these new issues at par

will make the feat more and more difficult every year, as we have seen in the cases of the Aërated Bread Company and Lyons."

"Both of which have had to stop the process," The Jobber reminded them, yawning. "What a dull talk it is this morning!"

"Canadas were to go to twice par."

"So you said before. I wish Eries would."

There was a shout of merriment.

"Who says we're dull?" inquired The City Editor.

"Consols are talked to par by some enthusiasts in Lombard Street," The Banker stated.

"They must be Liberals, then," put in The City Editor.

"Not necessarily," The Engineer defended them. "I am half inclined to think Consols will go much better, and I am a Tariff Reformer."

"Hush!" cried The Broker, feigning alarm. "One of us may be a Balfourite."

"Balfour!" and The Merchant spoke with what was intended to be withering sarcasm. "A refined student, a dilettante dabbler in ethical sciences, a bi-metallist, and—the M.P. for the Money Market, the trade-centre, of an Empire like ours!"

"I admit that it seems somewhat incongruous," The Engineer agreed. "But he is at least a gentleman."

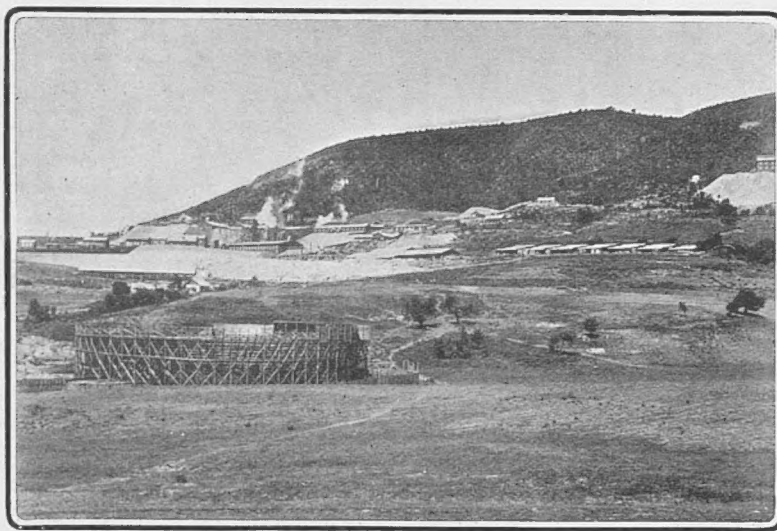
"A Gentleman! Yes, no one disputes it. But surely what the City of London wants is a Man: a Man! One who above all things knows his own mind!"

"What a pity that Mr. Chamberlain wasn't defeated at Birmingham!" The Broker's jest relieved the tension, and The Carriage smiled again.

"Ah, but we want a safer man than Joe," and The City Editor shook his head.

"Suppose Protection had been passed," he went on—"practically passed by the return of these Radical Reformers instead of the Conservative Liberals—using the words in their literal sense. What would have happened to the Stock Exchange?"

"Cements would have boomed at first, because of the duty put on the imported article," said The Broker.



THE ESPERANZA MINE, LOOKING WEST.

"Catering shares slumped at first, because of the duties on food," contributed The Solicitor.

"Home Rails ditto, ditto, because of the increased cost of iron and steel," said The Engineer.

"Textiles ditto, ditto, because the trade could never have stood the duty on raw material," from The Merchant.

"Armament and engineering shares ditto, ditto, because——"

"Oh, shut up!" said The Jobber. "I thought we were a collection of respectable gentlemen, and now it seems that we're a lot of rowdy Radicals. I shall go and ask Mr. Balfour to Protect me from my friends. Good morning—Gentlemen!"

CHINESE LABOUR IN THE CITY.

Some deeper game than is apparent on the surface is being played with the Kaffir Market. Trouble of some sort, domestic or political, is brewing, and the market may have an unpleasant settlement on the 22nd instant. Of the questions connected with the industry itself, the most burning is still that of the labour to be employed in the mines. The City, it seems safe to say, has few advocates for the white-cum-Kaffir labour, which is eloquently championed by Mr. Cresswell, so well known through his work on the Village Main Reef Mine. There is little City sympathy with the conviction as to any necessity for expulsion of the Chinese from the Transvaal, the ground being taken that, since the Boer must have labour for his farm, he would be the last person to drive away human machines, which certainly compete with the native labour effectually enough to keep wages at a normal level. Evict the coolies, and the mines would be compelled to employ every available Kaffir boy, to the enhancement of wages and the depletion of labour on the Boers' farms. It may be taken for granted that the City is pretty well unanimous upon the point that imported labour of some kind is essential for the Transvaal mines. A popular broker, a member of the Stock Exchange, won a striking victory in the elections just concluded for the Liberal cause, but he frankly disclaimed allegiance to his party with regard to the expulsion attitude concerning Chinese labour. The "Slavery" cry has little or no meaning in the City, where the impression prevails that no class on the Rand—save, perhaps, the Kaffir "boys"—would be advantaged by rescission of the Chinese Ordinance, and that its repeal, though a painful threat, will not be ventured upon by a Government either here or in the Transvaal.

Saturday, Feb. 10, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

DREADNOUGHT.—In mining the unexpected sometimes happens. The prospects are considered poor, and a reconstruction seems possible. You must not buy on our advice.

A. E. P.—The price is about 8s. 3d. There is a subsidiary Company coming out next week. If the issue goes well the parent shares will go higher. To buy is like backing a horse.

SPEC.—(1) Certainly hold. The general meeting was in October or November. (2) Yes. (3) This is a very doubtful proposition. It has great possibilities, and is honestly managed; we can say no more.

ROMANY.—There is no need to be alarmed. The return of capital is generally regarded as favourable, for all the good-will and surplus assets remain, and the amount belonging to each share is the same, whether the nominal value is 17s. 6d. or 10s.

BARTON.—(1) We never knew these shares more than 1s. 9d. since we recommended them. If you gave more you have over-paid. The price is 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. Buy some more at 1s. 3d. if you can get them. The wood-carving company does not look promising.

MILES.—"Q" gave facts and figures, and, upon the assumption that these proved the investments would yield from 6 per cent. to 10 per cent., he said they were good speculations for people who wanted a big return. This is as true to-day as when he wrote, and if buyers hold for a year or two and get the return "Q" expected, they have no cause to growl. The shares were never given as gambling tips to be carried over. As to Premiers, see this week's Notes.

NERO.—The price is 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. The crushing-returns are published monthly. We do not know any paper that quotes the shares, as the market is not large. There is no reason to sell, as the mine is carried on at a profit.

CLIENT.—(1) If good trade and good traffics continue, the "A" stock may well rise further, and the same applies to No. 2. In both cases the prospects look good. (3) We have little faith in things Rhodesian, and would rather buy Sons of Gwalia, Esperanza, or Ivanhoe.

CAUTIOUS.—If your *nom de guerre* means anything, we should think the shares are not suitable. The trade is too new and too unsettled for caution to apply to them.

X. X.—The list you send is not bad. If you buy (1) United States Brewing Debentures (2) Japanese 4½ per cent. (3) Ohlssons 7 per cent. Preference (4) Trustees and Executors Ordinary stock (5) River Plate Gas shares (6) United of Havana Railway Ordinary (7) Industrial Trust Ordinary, or one of the best Argentine Railway Ordinary stocks, you will have a good spread, and over 5 per cent. all round, with every reasonable safety.

T. T.—Your letter has been answered.

We are asked to state that dividend warrants in Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, payment of the half-yearly dividend on the 6 per cent. Preference shares, were posted to the shareholders on Jan. 31.

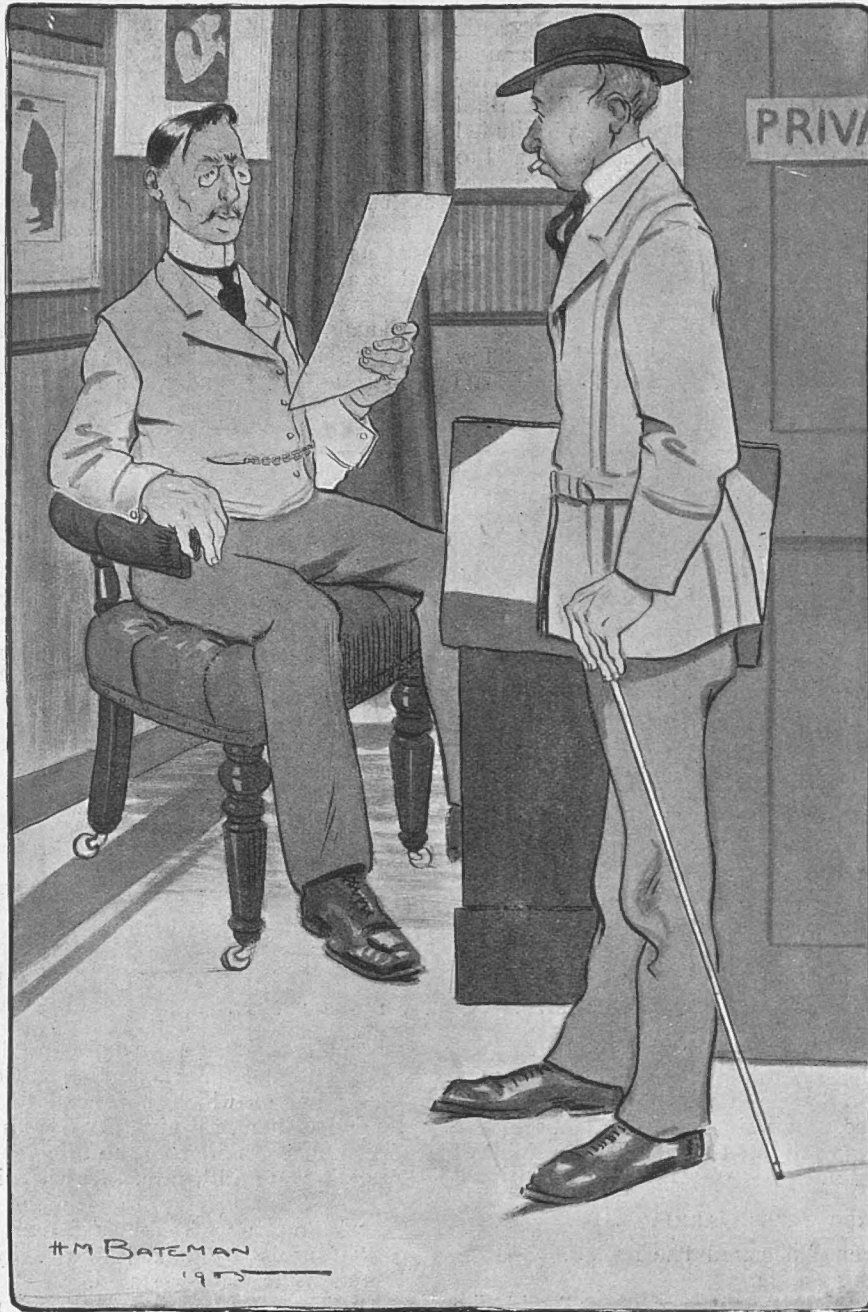
The directors of Maple and Company, Limited, at the forthcoming annual general meeting will recommend, subject to final audit, and after placing the sum of £10,000 to reserve (thus raising that total reserve fund to £321,300), a balance dividend on the Ordinary share capital of ten per cent. This makes,

with the interim dividend of five per cent. already paid, a total distribution for the year 1905 of fifteen per cent.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Fields will now improve in size, if not in quality. At Windsor the following should go close: Brucknell Hurdle, Orison; River Steeplechase, Maresco; St. Valentine's Steeplechase, Kirkby; Curfew Hurdle, The King; Royal Steeplechase, Sweetmore; Staines Hurdle, Clear Artist; Bridge Hurdle, Sea Fox. There should be good racing at Hurst Park. I fancy the following for their engagements: Esher Hurdle, Kibrit; Molesey Steeplechase, H. T.; Open Steeplechase, Desert Chief; Maiden Hurdle Race, Huntly; Hurst Handicap Steeplechase, The Chief; Novices' Hurdle Race, Ancaster; Grange Steeplechase, Buckaway II.; Walton Hurdle, Affinity; February Maiden Hurdle, The De'il.

P.S.—The fatal accident to Stephanas brings Lord Rossmore into the reckoning for the Great Metropolitan.



THE EDITOR: Have you shown this drawing to anyone else?

THE ARTIST: No.

THE EDITOR: Then what is it makes you stand so close to the door?

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.